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No. 188.—Vol. XV. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, July 10, 1907 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo *Lafayette*

YOUTH'S SUMMER: A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY

The Two Children of the Earl of Stamford, Lord Grey of Groby and Lady Jane Grey

No. 188.—Vol. XV.

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GAMES AND PASTIMES.

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Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday July 10, 1907

It is expected that Major von Donath, who, in the German libel case, stated that Dr. Peters was the greatest criminal on whom he had ever set eyes, will be asked to give a list of his acquaintances. After all, he may only have come across a few burglars and wife-beaters.

* * *

Naval bombardments of towns and villages have been worrying the Hague delegates this last week, and they seem to have come to an agreement that towns and villages ought not to be bombarded navally except when they resist. Bombardment purely for fun would be unjustified. The delegates must have been working their brains hard to think this out in unison.

* * *

Some people have been disposed to pity the Koreans, the most unwarlike nation on earth, for being excluded from the Conference. But the idea, of course, is that a people like this, who couldn't go to war if they wanted to and wouldn't want to if they could, would be *de trop* at a Peace Conference. They would make it appear so very superfluous.

* * *

Square parasols, fringed at the edge with little silver balls, are the latest novelty for the smart woman. It is so sensible to have a square parasol, especially if one is of the same shape oneself. And the little silver balls will be most useful in keeping off the fiercer rays of the sun, besides being most attractive to burglars. An admirable novelty.

* * *

The British Antarctic Expedition, which starts shortly, is taking out a complete novelty with it in the shape of a motor-car with four sets of wheels. They are for use on different sorts of ground. Going up an iceberg you use one set, and coming down you use another; chasing seals a third, and doing time over a measured mile a fourth. At least, so we suppose. We may be mistaken.

* * *

An old lady, who is a great lover of animals, writes to point out what she considers a great omission in the Antarctic explorers' equipment. They are not, apparently, taking any buns for the poor Polar bears.

* * *

By the way, a hitch has occurred in the Pekin to Paris race. The competitors in the tri-car got stuck in the desert and had to return on camels; and the camels went so fast that the local mandarin is not certain whether he ought not to endorse the motorist's licence.

* * *

The new comet is to be on view for a month or two, and, according to a contemporary, "a sweep round the region of Epsilon Piscei should find it." But are there any sweeps in that direction?

* * *

A timely article on how to swim the Channel, by Mr. Montagu Holbein, appears in this month's number of Fry's Magazine, and we need hardly remind readers who are anxious to accomplish this feat during the summer holidays, that they should begin to take lessons in the art of swimming at once.

* * *

We were very careless about Henley last week, and quite forgot to mention what the *Daily Mail* rightly calls "a point of great importance at any river function." That is, that "where a coloured linen frock is worn, there should be coloured shoes to match." We feel sure that next year, if the oarsmen only pay attention to this little matter, they will win easily.

"COQUETTE"

(From a Pencil Sketch by B. Kronstrand)

Our contemporary says elsewhere that "if we are to be in tune with Nature, and it is our fancy to accord with her moods as closely as possible, a gown of the new lobster-red shade is an impossibility, unless it is toned down by a casaque of black taffetas." We are not so sure about this. The lobster does not wear a casaque of black taffetas, and *it* is in tune with Nature. But then it is not lobster-red to begin with either, so that perhaps the *Mail* is right. Anyway, a man has no right to give an opinion on a delicate matter like that. Ladies who have lobster-red complexions will have to decide for themselves whether they want to be in tune with Nature or not. Perhaps the casaque would be an improvement.

wanting to shake another man's hand demonstratively is that the one man is feeling happy. Of course, it may be that he is feeling happy at the prospect of an *entente*, but in this case that remains to be seen. As Stevenson remarked, there are so many things for us to be happy about.

* * *

Aeronauts do not receive all the encouragement they deserve for endeavouring to solve the problem of flight. We are, therefore, pleased to be able to inform those enthusiasts who flew various kites on Chobham Common last week that—in the opinion of a local rustic—"if they could get them there things to keep in the air, they'd come in useful to frighten birds off of the cherry trees."

* * *

No great results have as yet been achieved by the proposal to reform the House of Lords, and many critics are of opinion that the Government was

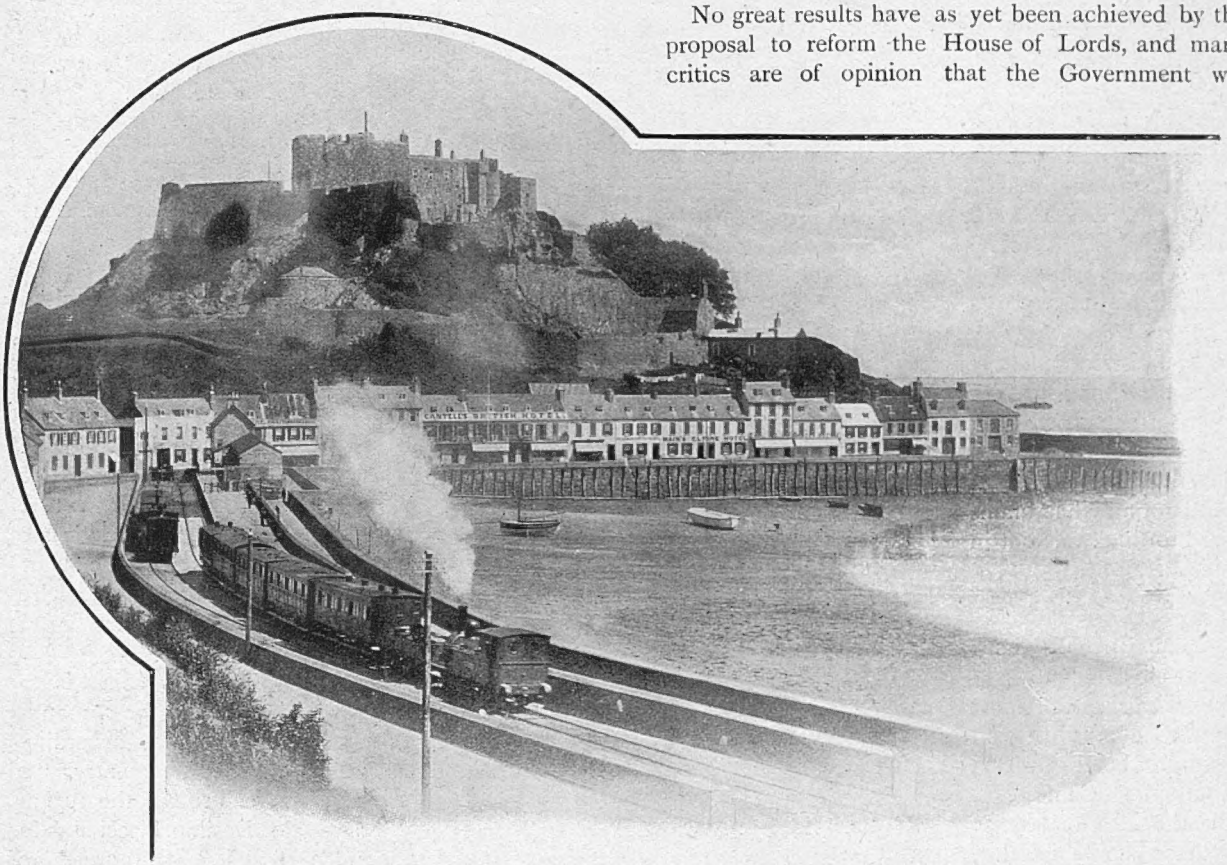


Photo *Frith*

The King's Gift to Jersey

Mont Orgeuil Castle, Jersey, which has just been handed over to the authorities of the island as a gift from King Edward

The first annual Conference of the British Constitutional Association will be held at Oxford this week, and, as the object of the Conference is "to advocate personal liberty," telegrams of sympathy may be expected from Portland, Pentonville, Wormwood Scrubbs, and other important centres. It is feared that a good many sympathisers will be unable to attend personally owing to previous engagements.

* * *

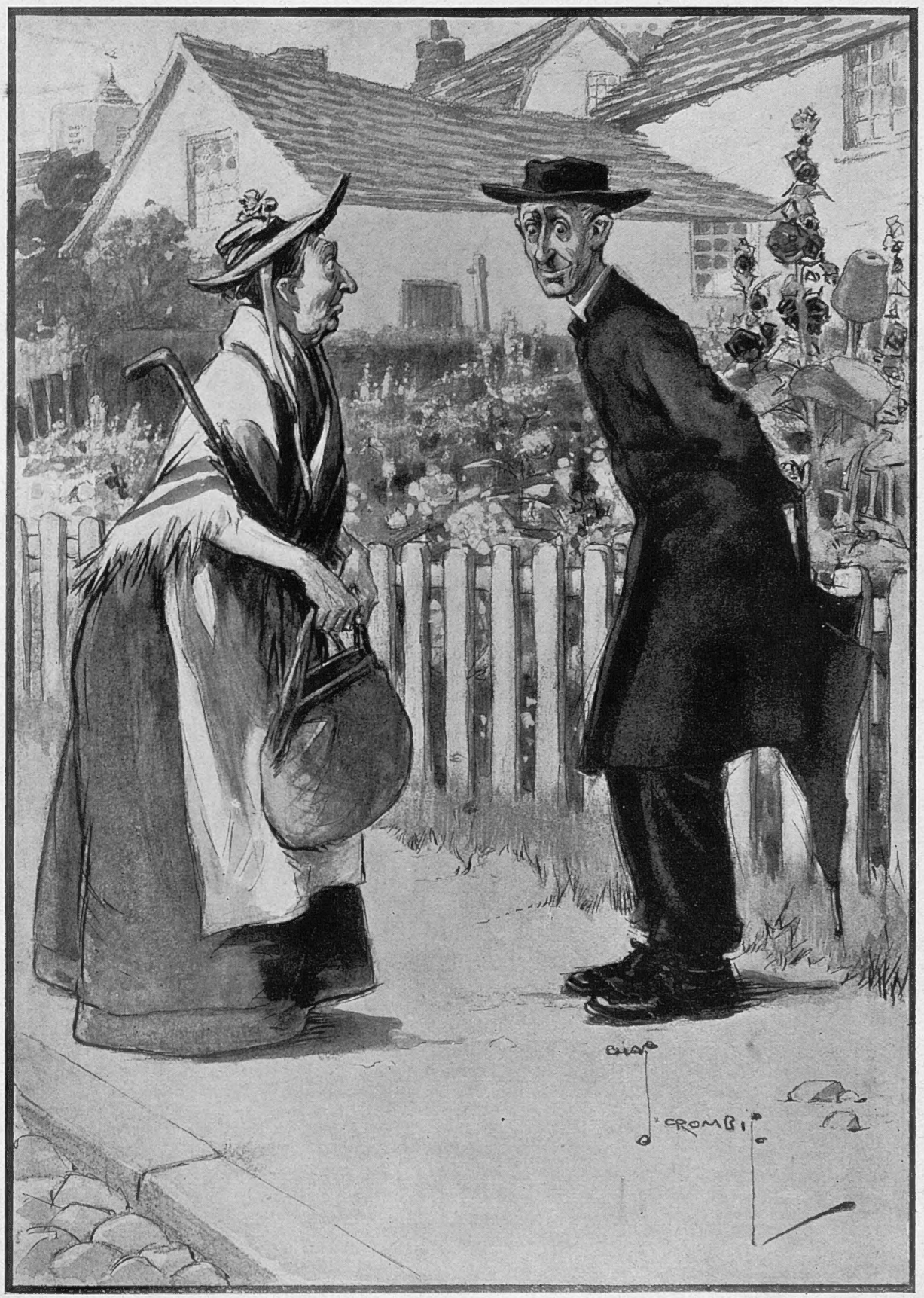
It may be true that Germany is seeking an *entente* with the United States, but we are unable to believe this—as one foreign correspondent would have us do—simply on the ground that Prince August Wilhelm, the Kaiser's fourth son, "demonstratively shook the hand of an American lecturer a few days ago." All that can fairly be deduced from one man

ill-advised in bringing it forward. But it must not be forgotten that it gave the *Daily Mail* the opportunity of adding to the list of its successes by publishing on the very day after the proposal was made two interesting photographs—of Mr. Balfour and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.

* * *

"Pageants," writes an enthusiast, "not only give pleasure for the moment, but supply lessons for the future." We quite agree. We know several people who have taken part in Pageants, who, if they should suddenly be called upon to ride an ox, could now do it, not only with safety, but with some approach to dignity. And one retired Colonel assures us that he has learnt the lesson so thoroughly that he will never ride an ox again, even if he were dressed for the part as Edmund Ironsides.

A Marrying Man

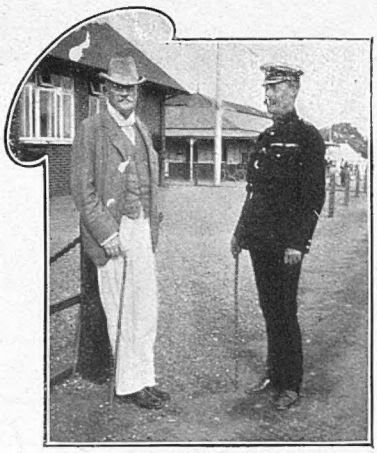


"Yes! I married no less than eighty young people in my last parish"
"Then you oughter be ershamed o' yourself; (*after a pause*) ye're worse than Solomon!"

BY CHAS. CROMBIE

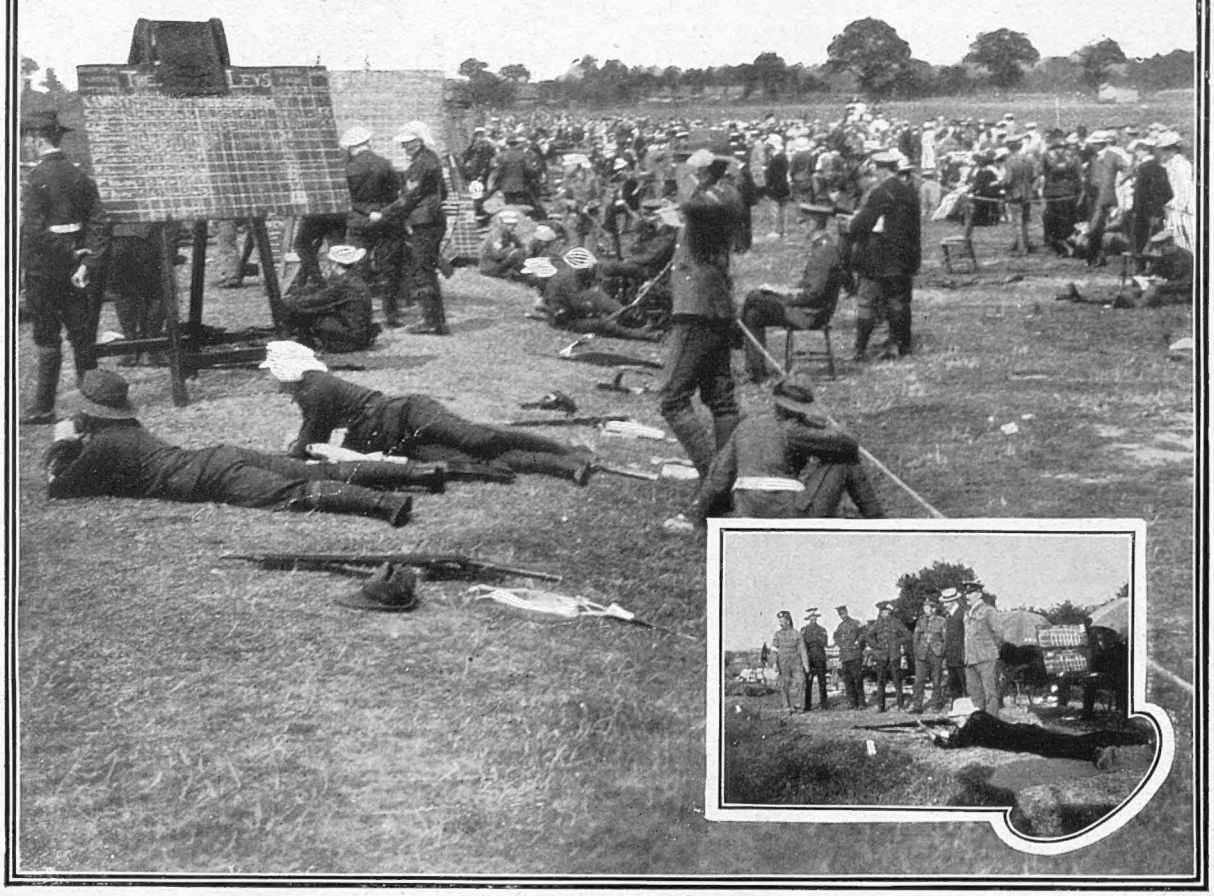
The Bisley Meeting

SOME TYPICAL SCENES ALONG THE FIRING-LINE



Lord Cheylesmore and Col. Ricardo

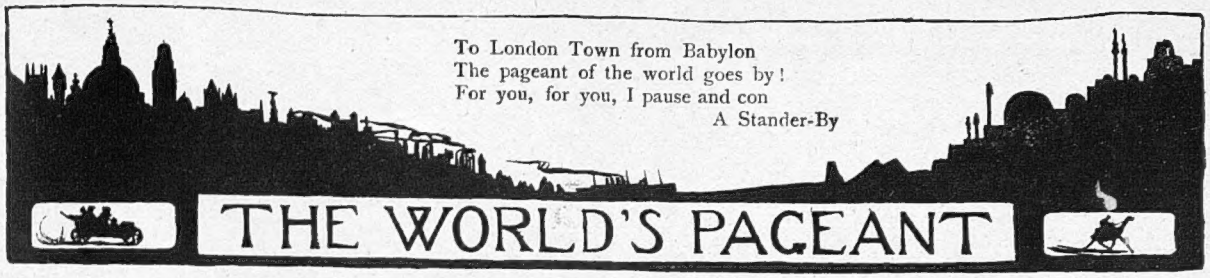
Both of whom have done much good work in promoting the welfare of the Meeting



Firing with an Automatic Repeating Rifle

On the "Ninety Butt": Public Schoolboys firing for the Ashburton Shield

There is every prospect that this year's Bisley Meeting will be one of the most successful yet held by the National Rifle Association. The entries for all the principal events are very large, those for the King's Prize, for instance, numbering nearly 1,300, which is considerably in advance of previous years' figures. The Colonies are again well represented, Australia and Canada having both sent teams



The King in Wales

King Edward the Seventh, commonly called "The Peacemaker," is, this week, once again justifying his title. Tearful Ireland is to be cajoled, stern Wales appeased. Not always has a Royal visit to the Principality been welcomed with so great a fanfare of trumpets and so loud a blare of welcome as that to be accorded on this occasion to the King and Queen. Once upon a time it was different, and a good deal less agreeable. A deadly feud raged between the Sovereign and the noble house of Bute. Queen Victoria, who never even suspected the possibility of a slight upon her Royal dignity, one day came sailing into Cardiff Harbour with the Prince Consort on the Royal yacht. No signs of welcome were displayed, no pennons fluttered in the breeze, no Venetian masts, no red carpets, no Mayors and Corporations — none of these apparently essential elements of Royal welcoming met the Royal eye. The great Bute stronghold, Cardiff Castle, had every blind drawn, every door barred, and all was silent, empty as the grave. Thus the then Marchioness showed her disapproval of her Majesty's treatment of her sister, the Lady Flora Hastings, who was unjustly expelled from Court, and thus began an acrimonious correspondence, which in an earlier age would have proved a war of blood rather than of words

* * *

"The Letters of Queen Victoria"

Doubtless, this correspondence will be omitted in the three volumes of "The Letters of Queen Victoria," which are to be published in October next. The King himself has diligently blue-pencilled the production, and Mr. Benson and Lord Esher are nothing if not careful souls. No less than forty portraits will be contained in the volumes, and twelve of them represent the Queen herself at different ages. To students of the Victorian era the book should prove of absorbing interest. The late Queen was an untiring letter-writer. No detail of dress, of behaviour, of character, was too small for her attention. Her letters to the Duke of Cambridge, lately published in the life of the Soldier Duke, gave us an idea of what we are to expect—simplicity, homeliness, intense interest and affection in the many members of her family, and, through all the gentleness, a strain of imperiousness, of autocracy, even tyranny.

* * *

A Youthful Host

The King's Cardiff host, Lord Bute—he has just celebrated his twenty sixth birthday—looks like, and has the manners of, a boy. Very shy, he has inherited none of those artistic and literary tastes which distinguished his father. He has, however, an even better head for affairs, and a still greater love for Scotland and things Scotch. Just about two years ago he married the daughter of Sir Henry Bellingham, and he is now the father of a baby-daughter.

* * *

The Irish Visit

Short, but sweet, must be the motto of the Irish visit. Their Majesties, during the two days of their stay in Irish waters, have no time to meditate either upon the charm or the "cussedness" of the country where the green pastures are. The inevitable presentation of addresses at Kingstown, a visit to the International Exhibition, the unveiling of the Dublin Fusiliers' Memorial, a garden-party at the Viceregal Lodge, and the race-meeting (by Royal command) at Leopardstown, is none too short a programme to be accomplished in something like twenty-four hours.

* * *

His Majesty of Siam

King Chulalongkorn, Brother of the Moon, D.C.L., etc., and, incidentally, our latest Royal visitor, has done much to bring his country up to date.

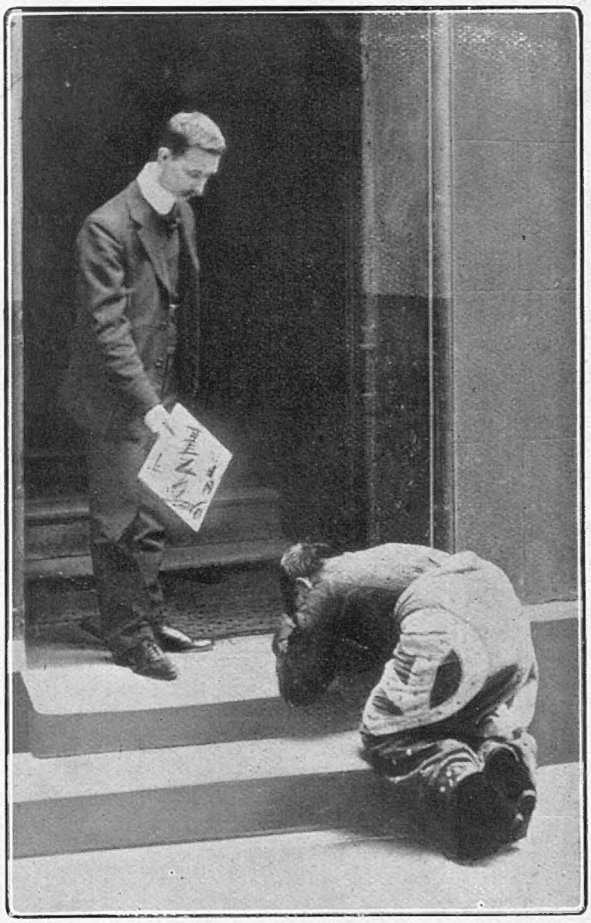


Photo *General Press Agency*

The Visit Polite (à la Siam)

A Siamese resident in London calls at the Siamese Legation during his Sovereign's visit, and leaves his card!

England Shocks Nansen

The Siamese, nevertheless, retain many of their primitive and charming habits. Our photograph represents a Siamese gentleman resident in London calling at the Siamese Legation to present his compliments to his monarch and leave his visiting-card on him. Apparently, he is, at the same time, knocking his head on the doorstep to see if it is sound. (We mean the doorstep, of course.) Siamese visiting-cards must be a nuisance to carry round, and I hope they will not become *chic* here. It would be trying to have to hoist one's cards up on the top of a cab before driving round to pay calls, and in a London flat it would be a job to get them through the door. In Siam, I daresay, they are handy enough, and can be used in lieu of an umbrella, or for crossing an unbridged stream, besides enabling the proud owner to have printed on them his complete pedigree, a short history of his life-work, and his telephone number. The King himself has been paying quite a quiet visit this time. He needed a rest after all the laws he has been making for his subjects. The original Code of Siam was destroyed a long time ago in the burning of a city, and—as it was not insured — the Siamese were rather lost until Chulalongkorn took the matter up and invented a new one. It is for this, of course, that Cambridge has honoured him with the D.C.L.

Photo *Thomson*

Lady Kinnoull

Née Miss Molly Darell, one of the most distinguished of our amateur violinists

* * *

Forty Years of Diplomacy

Two distinguished diplomats celebrate in the near future the fortieth anniversary of their diplomatic work. Sir Eric Barrington, K.C.B., Assistant Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who has just retired, has served for upwards of forty years in the Foreign Office, and Sir Edward Goschen, our Ambassador at Vienna, who keeps his sixtieth birthday next week, has also nearly reached that period of service. Sir Eric was for a long time private secretary to the late Marquis of Salisbury. He went with him to Berlin for the Conference which ended the Russo-Turkish war, and, at the present time, he is, very appropriately, foremost in the movement to erect a statue to that statesman.

* * *

No Chance for Brilliance

Sir Edward Goschen is a brother of the late Lord Goschen. He is married, like so many other diplomats, to a charming American lady, whom he met and wedded in Buenos Ayres, and whose hospitalities at the British Embassy in the Metternichgasse are proverbial. Sir Edward is one of those men whose fate leads him in quiet paths. He has great ability, and may have brilliance, but under no circumstances and in no country has he been called upon to assert that quality. For so travelled a diplomat he is still very young; Washington, Lisbon, Copenhagen, St. Petersburg, Constantinople, Pekin, Belgrade, Buenos Ayres, all have come within his experience, and he is not yet sixty.

* * *

A Forthcoming Recall

And talking of affairs diplomatic reminds me that Fridtjof Nansen, the distinguished explorer and Norwegian Minister to the Court of St. James's, is shortly to be recalled. The explorer, it appears, finds the complexities of English Society, of Courts, and of that narrow path marked out for diplomatic feet, rather stifling, after Greenland's icy mountains and the fundamental simplicities of Norwegian life. Dr. Nansen, too, unlike his fellow diplomats, sees no particular charm in English life. In a word,

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Sir Edward Goschen

Our Ambassador at Vienna, who celebrates his sixtieth birthday next week

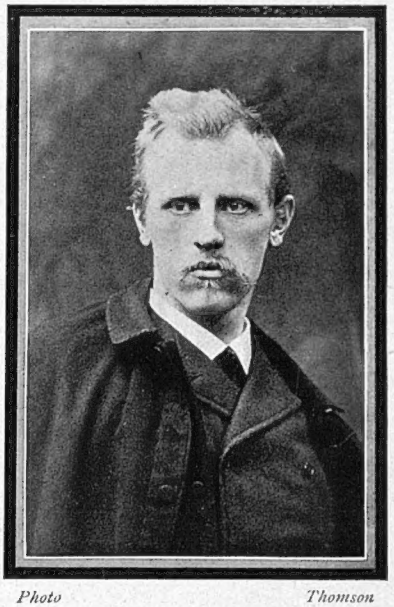


Photo *Thomson*

Dr. Fridtjof Nansen

Whose recall from the position of Norwegian Minister in this country is reported

The Pageant Epidemic

SCENES AT THE LATEST OUTBREAK AT BURY ST. EDMUNDS

King Edmund rebuking Bern for killing Lothparck, the Danish King

"Take Seizin, O King"
King Beoderic's widow offering "Seizin," or the freehold of Beodricsworth (Bury St. Edmunds), to King Edmund

Photos] **Britain's Warrior Queen: Boadicea driving her chariot** [*G. S. Cousins*

The new disease, pageantitis, which first broke out last year at Sherborne and Warwick, is now raging—or is about to rage—with full fury in several parts of the country. Last week Oxford was affected, and it will shortly make its appearance at St. Albans and Coventry. This week the centre of contagion is the old town of Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, where the usual symptoms show hemselves in the appearance of most of the well-known figures in history from the warrior Queen of the Britons, Boadicea, to Queen Elizabeth and Charles I.

A Popular Devonshire Hostess

he disapproves—finds a reprehensible lightness in our attitude towards the moralities, and is shocked. Just fancy we English people—even Society people—being able to shock anyone! It is astonishing. We must be progressing!

* * *

A Grass-Widower

Of course, Dr. Nansen has been a grass-widower whilst in England, and that may account in part for his rather unflattering opinion of us. Grass-widowers, it is proverbial, do see rather a lot of the game. But why, I ventured, when I heard the story, why does he not have Madame over? Surely, then, everything would be all right. But, oh dear me, no! I was told. That! *Jamais de la vie!* Bring a Norwegian wife to England! Plunge her into the giddy vortex of English Society! Drag her from the seclusion which a Christiania suburb grants! Perish the thought. In Norway, women have their place and keep it. In England, they make a point of forgetting it; and that is what, to Norwegian eyes, is so awfully shocking.

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Sir Humphrey de Trafford

Head of the ancient house of de Trafford, whose financial position has lately been the subject of official inquiry

* * *

Lady Kinnoull

As Miss Molly Darell, Lady Kinnoull was one of the best amateur violinists of her age in England. Her mother was a "Broadwood Grand," and her marriage, a year or so ago, to Lord Kinnoull as his second wife, united her with a man even more musical than herself. Her ladyship possesses very brilliant colouring, some fine jewels, and has made many friends in the new state of life into which her marriage brought her. She is as good-natured as she is musical, and as full of *joie de vivre* as her husband. Boisterous spirits, in fact, are their joint possession. Their entertainments at Dupplin, Lord Kinnoull's Perthshire seat, are of the cheery—some people call it rowdy—description.

* * *

Bury St. Edmunds Pageant

When there are many pageants taking place all over England at the same moment, it is rather surprising to see Bury St. Edmunds called "the *only* Pageant"; but so it is, "under the direction of Mr. Louis Parker," and well has he done his work. The Folk Play, which takes in fifteen centuries of English history, is carried out in a wonderful manner. From the time when Beoderic's widow (A.D. 855) hands over her lands to King Edmund, and the place is named Beodricsworth (only to be changed after Edmund's murder to "St. Edmundsbury"), to the arrival of Queen Elizabeth (1578), there is not a dull moment. Boadicea, draped in black furs (rather reminding me of my hearth-rug at home), standing in her chariot driving two big black horses, is followed by a realistic hawking scene and the murder of Lothparck, King of the Danes. Later, the jolly old monks who inhabited the lovely abbey (now in ruins) provide the necessary comic relief by their bartering with the Jews, their fishing in the River Lark, and their allusions to good food and drink. "The New Age"—dances, a fair, gipsies, a pickpocket chased and put in the stocks—leads us to the final procession, a wonderful sight. From the Romans down to Queen Elizabeth they pass before one—kings, queens, courtiers, townsfolk, horses, dogs, animals, twisting and winding in and out, beautiful, gratifying to the senses; and then we are brought back to everyday life, and have time to marvel at the patience, time, and devotion which have been given to this Pageant, the success of which is assured.

Photo *Langfiér, 23a, Old Bond Street*

Lady Wrey

Wife of Sir Bourchier Wrey, and the popular *châtelaine* of one of the most lovely old houses in Devonshire

* * *

Lady Wrey

Lady Wrey, a recent portrait of whom we are publishing, is the wife of Sir Bourchier Wrey, Bart., of Trebich, and the granddaughter of that Mr. John Fraser whose beautiful place, Mongewell, in Oxfordshire, is a familiar landmark to all Thames-lovers. Both Lady Wrey and her sister, Mrs. Bankes, of Kingston Lacey, became, through the death of both their parents, considerable heiresses at a very early age. Her marriage to

A Rainy Royal Regatta

THE SOCIAL SIDE OF HENLEY BETWEEN THE SHOWERS

The "Gipsy," the best-decorated house-boat
This year there were only seventeen house-boats at Henley

D. C. R. Stuart
Who fainted after the race with the Belgians

On the Course between the Races: The crush of boats opposite the Phyllis Court Club

This year's weather conditions could not very well have been worse for Henley Regatta, but, nevertheless, all things considered, the attendance of spectators on the four days of the meeting was very creditable, and those who came managed to enjoy themselves in between the showers

The New London

Sir Bourchier Wrey, the eleventh holder of the baronetcy, only took place two years ago; but she is already a favourite among the tenantry and employés at Tawstock Court, her husband's lovely old estate near Barnstaple.

* * *

Sir Humphrey de Trafford

Sir Humphrey de Trafford, whose affairs are in the hands of the Official Receivers, is the head of one of the oldest Catholic families in England, being twenty-ninth in descent in the direct line from Randolph, Lord de Trafford, a contemporary of William the Conqueror. He married the beautiful daughter of Captain Franklin, of the 77th Regiment, and his eldest son is in his seventeenth year. His ancestral home, Trafford Park, the baronet sold to Mr. Hooley and a London syndicate for £360,000. His assets at the present time are published at £2,000—he is only failing for £18,000, so it would appear that £358,000 has somehow or other been dispensed with in the last few years.

* * *

A Depressed Henley

The weather, not to speak of the Belgians, did its level best to spoil Henley. It succeeded admirably on the first three days. On the fourth, matters barometric looked up. Only three drenching showers, quite a gleam of shame-faced sunshine, and a rather less Arctic temperature were vouchsafed to us, and we were accordingly thankful. Men threw off the depression induced by Thursday's Belgian victory over Leander, and woman, ever optimistic, braved the elements in the frothiest and freshest of snowy muslin frocks, hiding her macintosh and furs under the cushions. At half-past three on Friday afternoon, when Christ Church came out against the Sport Nautique de Gand, the excitement was of that quiet, breathless description which includes a deep anxiety among its elements. Could "the House" prevail? One scarcely dared hope, yet the great wave of disappointment which swept down the boat-lined river as the Belgians swung in only a bare length ahead, but still "easily," proved just how high that hope had run. It rolled up like a fog and enveloped us, and not even tea and a shower could remove it. At Phyllis Court the Belgians were entertained to luncheon, and though among the crowd there it was not easy to distinguish people, I caught sight of the Duchess of Westminster, of Lady Townshend, Lord Methuen, Sir George and Lady White, Lord Macclesfield, and Lady Ravensworth.

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The Theatrical Garden-Party

The Theatrical Garden-Party, in aid of the Actors' Orphanage Fund, was held in the grounds of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, last Friday. The afternoon turned out gloriously, and people, decked in their summer muslins, flocked in from all parts. Nearly every actor and actress of any note was present. Cyril Maude was producing "a new and original play," and there were waxworks, hat-trimming competitions for actors, and a host of other entertainments.

Photo *Clarke and Hyde*

Imperial London, as Seen from Buckingham Palace: The new Processional Road and the Victoria Memorial in the course of erection

England's Motor Speedway

THE FIRST RACE MEETING HELD ON THE BROOKLANDS TRACK LAST SATURDAY

Lord Lonsdale, the President of the Brooklands Club, arrives in his Mercedès

Photo *Topical Agency*

A Japanese Competitor: Mr. K. Okura on his 120 h.-p. F.I.A.T.

Photo *Topical Agency*

Charles Jarrott on his Lorraine-Dietrich, who dead-heated in the Byfleet Plate

Photo *Topical Agency*

J. E. Hutton, the Winner of the 2,000-Guinea Montagu Cup

The Race for the Montagu Cup: Cars Passing the Bridge at the Side of the Members' Enclosure

Two Famous Scientists

'Varsity Cricket

Oh, dear! oh, dear! What a sad and sorry sight was Lord's Cricket Ground on Thursday last. At the hour fixed for the commencement of the 'Varsity match hardly any seats were filled, the ground was sodden, and the outlook gloomy. However, Oxford, who won the toss, started batting shortly before twelve, and up to lunch-time the rain kept off. A few more people had arrived during those hours, but everyone was cold, dull, and depressed. How I pitied the poor muslin and linen-clad girls, who had not even brought a thin dust-coat to keep out a little of the damp. The players, very wisely, wore sweaters, and I was much amused to hear a dear old-fashioned lady say, behind me: "I don't think I like this new fashion of *long* 'perspiring' guernseys!" For a short interval at lunch time, the small crowd were able to stroll round the damp sward. Shoes of mauve and green, with "etceteras" to match, were rather out of keeping on such a day, but were certainly noticeable and seen to full advantage, as it seemed necessary for their fair wearers to hold up their skirts very high. At the close of Oxford's innings, rain descended in torrents, and the awning over the members' stands quickly allowed the water to come through. Umbrellas were put up, but the little falling water-spouts seemed to jump from one umbrella to another into the fair faces or on to the hats of their neighbours. After a wait of an hour, play was resumed, only once more to be stopped by rain, and wickets were drawn at six, after a most disappointing day's cricket.

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The Eton and Harrow Match

I hope, after my last week's experience at Lord's, that the Fates will be kinder to the Eton and Harrow match on Friday, the only big sporting event on the cards for the next few days. Last week, Henley, Newmarket, the 'Varsity match, much polo, and more lawn tennis, proved—at this end of the season, and under such weather conditions—fatiguing, to say the least. It is well, too, that the Eton and Harrow match stands lonely on the sporting calendar. For it is a trying two days for all concerned. Etonians and Harrovians alike are oppressed by the presence of "my people." Fathers are unnecessarily full of boring reminiscences of their cricketing days; mothers, of solicitous and embarrassing inquiries of a domestic nature; while sisters, unless well kept in hand, are irritatingly prone to a positively indecent sympathy with the other, and naturally inferior, side.

Photo *Watson*

Dr. Graham Bell

The inventor of the telephone, in his robes as an LL.D. of Edinburgh University. It is announced that he will shortly be experimenting with a flying machine on the "tetrahedral cells" system

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Sir William Ramsay

Who is shortly reading a paper before the Chemical Society, dealing with some important discoveries which may revolutionise the copper industry

"Number, Please?"

I am pleased to be able to publish in this number of The Bystander a portrait of Dr. Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, in his robes as an LL.D. of the University of Edinburgh. Dr. Bell is a native of the "Northern Athens," though he is now, I believe, a naturalised American citizen. He is at present at Halifax, and from there I hear that he is confident of demonstrating this summer the navigability of his new flying machine, which is constructed on the tetrahedral cells system. Dr. Bell has devoted much time to the aerial navigation problem. His flying machine is to be navigable when moving at the slow pace of ten miles an hour; as a rule, up to the present, thirty miles an hour is the lowest speed at which a flying machine can be kept afloat, even if only for a short period.

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Solving the Secret of Copper

A discovery which may revolutionise the copper industry has recently been made by Sir William Ramsay, the distinguished chemist. Before the Chemical Society he is shortly to read a paper, in which he will make public the fact that he has succeeded in accomplishing what no other chemist has ever been able to do, *i.e.* to obtain a segregation of one element from another combination of elements. Sodium, lithium, and potassium, when treated with radium-vapour, give as a product copper sulphate, and this, according to Sir William Ramsay, can readily be broken down into copper.

* * *

On the Terrace

Tea on the terrace of the House of Commons on one of the few fine days last week was more amusing than usual. Mr. John Burns was celebrating his Silver Wedding, and I don't know how many little tea-parties he was not giving, or how many dozen ladies he did not entertain. A friend of mine was among them, a lovely girl, and he was charming to her. Twice, at least, during the afternoon, he told the story of his marriage. He was twenty-one and she nineteen, and they were all but penniless, so to have a treat on their honeymoon they pawned the wedding-ring and went to Hampton Court. He says the mercenary girls of to-day shock him. In his day, love in a cottage was quite the thing, and he rather liked it, and so did Mrs. Burns—but, then, we're not all John Burns's, or Mrs. Burns's either.

The American Peerage

Photo *Car*

The Countess of Craven and her little Son, Lord Uffington

The only surviving child of the fabulously wealthy Mr. and Mrs. Bradley-Martin, of New York, who have lavished wonderful jewels upon her, Lady Craven, when just sixteen, left the schoolroom to marry Lord Craven in 1893. She was barely twenty when her little son, Lord Uffington, was born. Her ladyship dresses always in the style of the day after to-morrow, and, like Lady Wimborne, rejoices in the name of Cornelia

The Soldiers' Week

The Queen at Ranelagh on "Aldershot Day"

Last week, in polo circles, was unquestionably the soldiers' week. At Ranelagh that stupendous annual gathering known as "Aldershot Day" was brought off in the face of great difficulties, while at Hurlingham the concluding stages of the ever-popular Inter-Regimental Tournament were decided. Socially, of course, the great event was the visit of the Queen to Ranelagh on Thursday. Judging by the attention with which she follows the game whenever she graces the polo clubs with her presence, her Majesty is keenly interested in polo. Last week, for example, she sat for fully an hour, in by no means inviting weather, on the verandah of the neat little Royal pavilion, and watched the soldiers putting in all they knew in the stirring battle for the Aldershot Cup. Finally, she had words of congratulation for Major Tuson and the other officers of the 16th Lancers, to whom she presented the handsome trophy which they had won by good all-round play. Accompanying the Queen were Princess Victoria and the Grand Duke and Duchess of Hesse. Beyond doubt it was a great day for the Ranelagh Club, which always rises brilliantly to the occasion when anything big has to be taken in hand. Dr. George Hastings, who stands at the head of the Ranelagh management, is a veritable Napoleon in this line. He has a "way with him" which commands success.

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Final of the Inter-Regimental

After all the dreary days for which this polo season will be unfavourably remembered, it was delightful to have it fine for the Inter-Regimental final on Saturday. What a grand muster there was, too, around the famous polo ground. How it must have rejoiced the heart of Major Egerton Green to see not a vacant seat anywhere. Spectators, indeed, were swarming in myriads on to the field of play just in front of the pavilion, and I was pleased to observe that Mr. St. Quintin, the popular polo manager, at last drove them back to the boards.

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"Bobs" Presents the Cup

It was a magnificent match. The same teams, the 20th Hussars and the 11th Hussars, had met in the final last year. On that occasion extra time had to be played before the 20th scored the winning goal. Last week no additional time was necessary, but the result was in doubt until three minutes from the end, when the 20th went ahead, and won by six goals to four. Subsequently there was a pleasant little presentation ceremony, the trophy being handed to Captain Lee by Earl Roberts, who took a drink with the winning team out of the capacious depths of the loving cup. "Bobs" is no believer in young officers squandering their money in paying fancy prices for ponies. He likes to see the expenditure kept within reasonable limits, and when he knows this is done there is no keener supporter of polo. Lord Valentia, one of the pioneers of the game in England, Lord Ancaster, and Lord Haddington were among those with Lord Roberts when the Cup was presented.

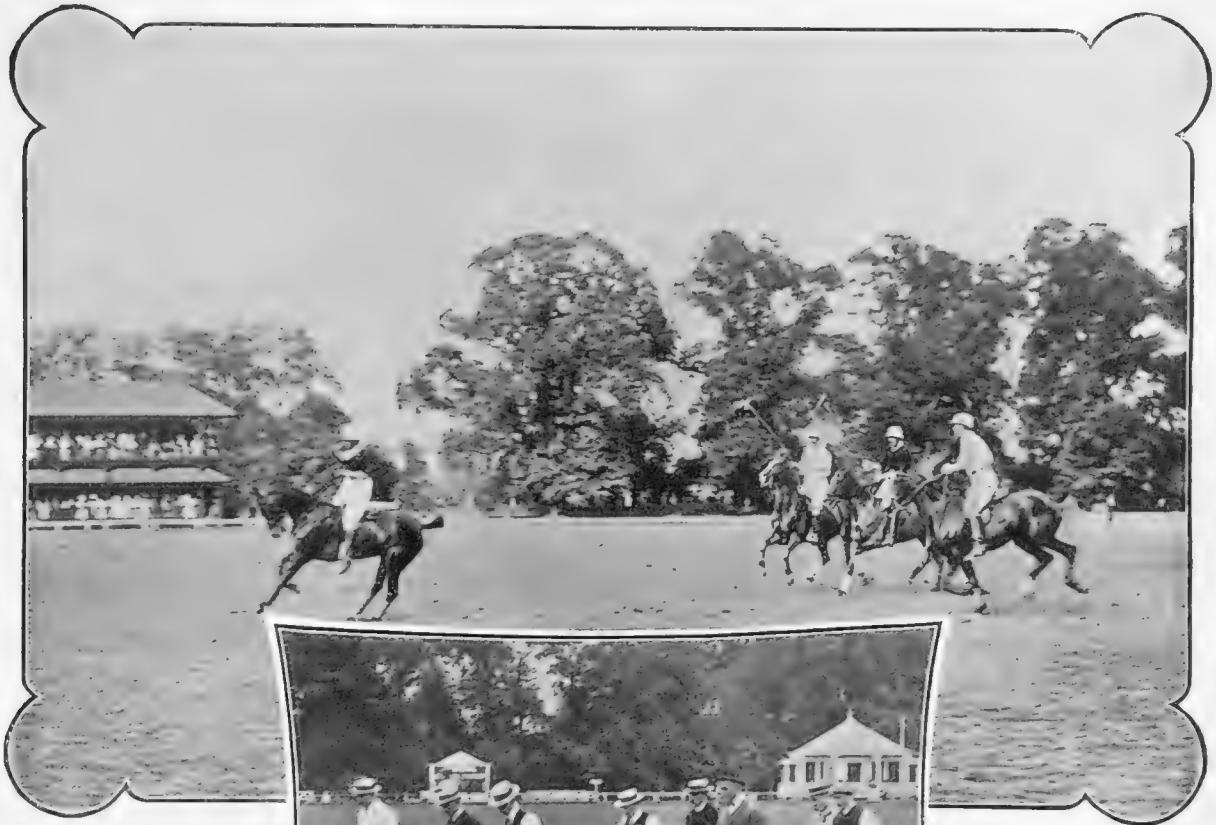
Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

The 'Varsity Match at Lord's: The scene during the luncheon interval on Friday

The first day's proceedings at Lord's last Thursday, at the Oxford and Cambridge match, were of a dismal nature owing to the weather, but on Friday and Saturday the improved conditions brought the usual large crowds. Oxford was beaten by five wickets

Polo at Ranelagh

HER MAJESTY WITNESSES THE PLAY ON ALDERSHOT DAY



Good Play in the Aldershot Cup Match

In spite of the unfavourable weather, much success attended Aldershot Day last week at Ranelagh

An Accident

The Hon. A. E. Strutt unfortunately met with a somewhat serious accident

Photos *Graphic Photo Agency*

The Queen Watching the Final Round for the Challenge Cup

Her Majesty honoured the Ranelagh Club with her presence on the occasion of Aldershot Day on Thursday last. The Queen, who, at the conclusion of the tournament, presented the Cup to the victorious 16th Lancers, was accompanied by Princess Victoria and the Grand Duke and Duchess of Hesse

Kaid Maclean's Capture

Distinguished Invalids

The Earl of Warwick, I am sorry to hear, is still very ill. It has been found impossible to move him from the nursing home where he has been for some weeks, and all his family are very anxious about him. The other distinguished invalid—the Duke of Devonshire—is better. Soon he will be able to go abroad, but as he is seventy-four this month, he will have to take great care. His little habit of falling asleep at all times and in all places increases, naturally, with his years, but, of late, as one of his friends remarked, he has really seemed *always* asleep. The Duchess, very German still for all the English slang she uses, treads on his toe with a high-heeled slipper when he dozes too obviously, and, of course, never includes the Duke in her Bridge four. Her Grace is as keen as ever on the game, by the way. At one time it was played at Compton Place, Eastbourne, all day Sunday on the lawns. But the natives were scandalised, so now it is played behind closed doors, and all is well.

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Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

Sir Harry Maclean

The Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the Sultan of Morocco, who was captured by the brigand, Raisuli, last week

Patti in Paris

Over in Paris last week I went to Jean de Reszke's, and there I heard Patti sing in Rossini's *Barbiere* in the little theatre which Jean has put up in his house. All Paris was there, all the Russian Grand Dukes, and all the smart Anglo-French set, the Grand Duchess Cyril, Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester, Princess Henry of Pless, Lady Savile, and Lord Curzon. Patti was divine that night. She looked, she sang, like a girl, and yet she is sixty-four. A small fortune in flowers was presented to her—roses, lilies, orchids, violets, all the rare blooms Paris could produce.

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Sir Harry Maclean's Capture

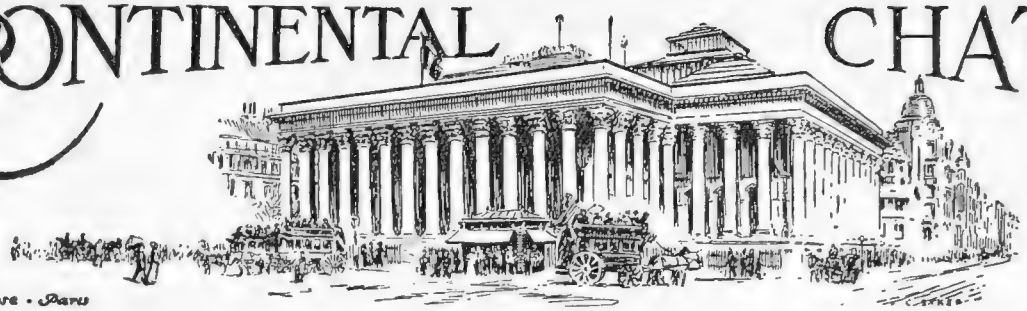
Raisuli's *coup d'état* last week—his capture of Sir Harry Maclean—apart from its deeper significance, has caused a good deal of quiet amusement. That the wary Scotchman, the Commander-in-Chief of the Sultan of Morocco's forces, should be trapped so easily, seems almost incomprehensible, for it would have been thought that he, of all people, would be most on his guard against that wily brigand, who has for so long been a thorn in the side of the Moroccan monarch. Sir Harry began life in the British Army, and it was as a lieutenant in the 69th Foot, when stationed at Gibraltar, that he first came in touch with Oriental life. He became instructor to the Moroccan Army about thirty years ago, and rapidly rose to high position he now holds. As a personal friend of the Sultan he has been instrumental in cultivating that monarch's taste for things European, which, by the way, mainly takes the form of motor-cars, cameras, typewriters, and phonographs. "Kaid" Maclean was created C.M.G. in 1898 for services rendered to the British Government, and he was knighted three years later.

Photo *Knight*

A New Shooting Record

Sergeant-Major Wallingford, of the School of Musketry, made three consecutive centuries at the Army Rifle Meeting at Bisley last week, and with a score of 498 points won the Gold Jewel Championship of the Army

CONTINENTAL CHAT



A Royal Engagement

Prince William of Sweden, whose engagement to the Grand Duchess Maria Palovnia has just been announced, is only twenty-three years of age, and is the second son of the Crown Prince of Sweden. Like his grandfather, King Oscar, he has chosen the Navy as a profession, and he has inherited that monarch's taste for literature and music. As yet he has not "won his spurs" as a writer, but he is a musician of considerable talent. Prince William is not often in Sweden. He accompanies his mother to Egypt, Italy, and the Riviera, where she spends the greater part of her year, on account of her delicate health first of all, and also because she dislikes the Northern cold and darkness almost as much as the Northern character. The bride-elect spends the greater part of her day painting landscapes, but she does not work as an amateur. To be drenched to the skin in her efforts to catch a cloud-effect is of no consequence to her, nor does she fear staying up all night in order to be in time for a sunrise. A few years ago, she had a very interesting exhibition of pictures, which were sold, and sold well, for charity. Like her *fiancé*, the Grand Duchess is devoted to literature.

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Photo supplied *P. P. A.*

Prince William of Sweden

The second son of the Crown Prince, whose engagement to the Grand Duchess Maria Palovnia has just been announced

Opium-Smoking in France

M. Thomson, Minister of the Marine in France, has suddenly awakened to the fact that the smoking of opium is a vice which has already taken a pretty firm hold of many of the officers of the Navy, to say nothing of the sailors. It does not require a man of his intelligence to discover what may be the consequences of this terrible scourge. Fortunately, he has recognised it is time to act, and he has drawn up a Bill, which has been submitted to the Chamber, in which it is stated that sailors or soldiers found guilty of smoking opium are to be imprisoned. Those, too, in whose possession the instruments necessary for the smoking of opium are found, are to be severely punished It was this winter at Nice that I perceived, to my horror, that this Eastern custom was by no means confined to the Oriental, nor to soldiers and sailors. Many of the handsome villas and many of the flats in Paris have the daintiest little opium dens, fitted up with all the splendour one expects to see in the house of an Eastern Pasha, and there many Society ladies, for want of a more intellectual occupation, will consent to smoke a pipe of peace. Many who went there first out of curiosity have now become absolute slaves to the habit, and it is a habit a woman can never shake off.

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Luxurious Opium Dens

These opium dens in private houses do not, in any way, resemble the horrible hovels one is accustomed to see in San Francisco. There is about them an atmosphere of mystery which is extremely fascinating, and the Oriental luxury seems to transport one for a while into another land. The smart evening dress soon gives place to a handsomely embroidered kimono. The odour of opium is delicious and intoxicating, and the room is lit only by a faint red lamp, at which milady lights her pipe, reclining on a comfortable mattress placed in the middle of the room and covered with handsomely embroidered cushions. A pipe takes about five to eight minutes to prepare and five seconds to smoke. After the fourth pipe she has just enough intelligence left to appreciate the fact that someone is reciting in the next room, or that a string quartette is dispensing soft music. From one of these opium parties it is impossible to return till the small hours of the morning, if, indeed, one can return at all. It is the next day, however, when the evil effects of the opium must be worked off, that one is forced to return from the land of dreams to sad reality, and to ask oneself if the game is really worth the candle. When a man becomes a victim to drugs it is sad; when it is a woman it is pitiful—it robs her not only of her intelligence, but of all that is best in her nature.

The Unwritten Law in Belgium

Deep sympathy is felt in Brussels for Carlos Waddington, the young son of the Chilian Chargé d'Affaires, who recently shot Ernesto Balmaceda, the Secretary to the Legation, the betrayer of his sister. At the commencement of his trial, nearly every member of the Diplomatic Service in Brussels was present. Every heart ached for the poor unfortunate young man who, in attempting to avenge the wrong done to his sister, has shown her stained reputation to the whole of Europe.

Carlos Waddington was too young to be known much in Belgian Society. He was both studious and intelligent, and was a promising young man, although he had neither his father's talent as a diplomatist nor his courteous manners. Like his mother and father, he was passionately devoted to his sister Yaya (Adelaide). He appreciated her talents as much as her beauty, he looked upon her as some bright star destined to lead the family to a higher plane. The gods seemed to have showered on Mlle. Waddington all that it was possible for them to give. Of this her family was only too well aware. She is a beautiful edition of her handsome mother, a brilliant conversationalist, and is known to be the most witty person in Belgian Society. But even greater than her beauty was her charm, that indescribable, bewitching something which would drive many a poor, weak man to destruction.

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The Trouble in Portugal

The trouble in Portugal has turned out to be less serious than many imagined. The great difficulty in getting accurate news from the scenes of the crisis is responsible for several grave errors, which have now been corrected. The dynasty was never in danger; the struggle was purely political—a revolt against the dictature of M. Joao Franco. King Carlos is more popular to-day than he has ever been; above all, he is popular in the Army, and whenever he passes through the streets he is loudly cheered. The Infant Miguel's name was never seriously considered, as was supposed; his supporters took advantage of the disorder in the country to bring forward a scheme of new and impossible ideas; but the Infant Dom Miguel himself, far away in Southern Austria, did not even interest himself in his own cause. The Crown Prince's voyage of discovery with M. d'Ornellas, Minister of the Marine, has given the greatest satisfaction, but not half so much as the news that Don Carlos himself is to visit Rio de Janeiro next May. An explosion of delight welcomed the official announcement, for it is the first time a foreign monarch has visited Brazil. The Portuguese colony, with all their wealth, are ready to make the occasion historic. It is suggested they should build a magnificent palace, in which, after May, 1908, the Portuguese Minister in Brazil should live.

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A Popular Queen

The Queen of Portugal is at present at her castle in Pena. She still remains the idol of her people, the healer, above all, of the sick poor. Her love for the study of medicine has increased instead of diminishing; she thoroughly enjoys meeting the most eminent doctors of the day, whom she welcomes with the same zeal as most Queens would welcome a conquering hero. The other day I saw a letter of hers addressed to an eminent French physician, in which she began, "*Mon cher Confrère.*" In all the latest scientific discoveries she takes the keenest interest, medical reports are sent regularly to her from Paris, and she never fails to thank the doctors for asking her opinion of their works. By writing the letters herself, she gives them proof of how great is her sympathy for suffering humanity.

Photo] **An Imperial Outlook: The view from the Achilleon, Corfu, just purchased by the Kaiser** *[Holback*

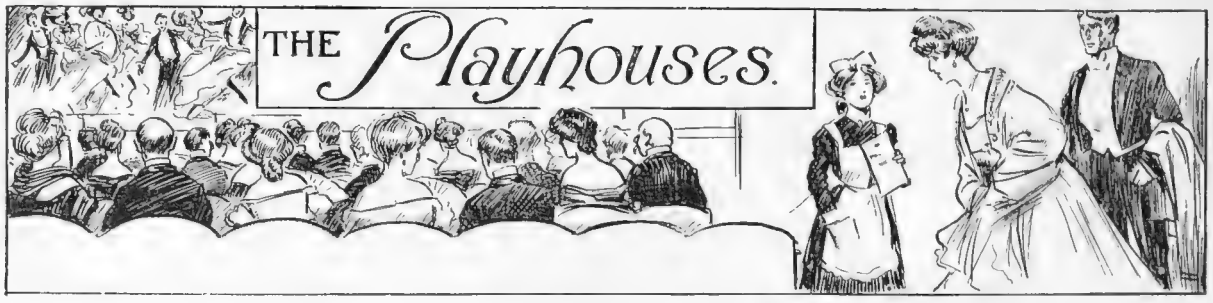
The Kaiser has recently purchased the beautiful Achilleon, on the Isle of Corfu, formerly the private property of the ill-fated Empress of Austria. The above photograph is one of the views from its beautiful grounds, showing, in the foreground, an island monastery, only approachable at low water, while in the distance stands the "Isle of Death," as it is called, on which is the house the Empress Elisabeth occupied before she came to live on her larger estate

To Beautify the Beautiful

Photo *Frith*

A View of Antwerp Cathedral, showing the unsightly buildings which surround its base, but which are being removed

All lovers of beauty will be glad to hear that the authorities at Antwerp have decided to remove the old but ugly buildings which cluster round the very foot of their beautiful Cathedral. The present structure was begun as early as 1352, but most of it was erected during the fifteenth century. Though the original roof and lantern were destroyed by fire in 1535, the injury was immediately repaired. The Northern Tower, the only one which has been completed, rises to a height of 407 ft., and from it the most magnificent views of the city may be obtained



By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

A Breathing-Space

After the production of *The Earl of Pawtucket*, at the Playhouse, commenced one of those little vacations for the critics which occur from time to time in the busiest season. They are all the more pleasant that they fall so unexpectedly. One has no time to draw in advance upon the enjoyment which the future holds for us. Consequently, one receives the full payment of leisure. During these breathing-spaces it is profitable to take stock a little—to consider what is really going on in Town. When, in the very thick of it, one is asked by a country cousin the best programme for a week's theatre-going, one is so obsessed, both by recent plays and by plays on the point of production, that it is a little difficult to give an answer off-hand without time for reflection and the collection of one's thoughts. And so to stocktaking.

The present season compares very favourably with its predecessors in regard to the number of really entertaining plays now running in Town. Here it is necessary to draw an important distinction. I am not saying that the standard of drama is abnormally high, but that there are more than the average number of plays holding the boards which have struck the popular fancy. It is a good season now, not so much for the intellectual as for the average playgoers, for that enormous concourse of people who go to the play in a not too-critical spirit and with the determination, if they are given half a chance, of having a really good time.

Photo *Bassano*

Miss Jessie Bateman (Mrs. George Ashfordby Trenchard)

Who sailed last week on the ss. *Avon* from Southampton for Brazil, where she will be married immediately on her arrival to Mr. Wilfred G. Chancellor. The date of the wedding is fixed for July 15, the day the steamer is scheduled to arrive

The Musical Plays

To deal first with the musical plays. One has to hark back some little time to find such a long-distance race as is now going on between Mr. George Edwardes' two attractions at the Gaiety and at Daly's. Mr. Edwardes has had big successes ere now at both his theatres. But it is not often that two plays like *The Girls of Gottenberg* and *The Merry Widow* start off the mark at about the same time with even chances of out-running the other. A bold man is he who would lay a shade of odds on either of them. One would imagine that in consequence of these two pronounced successes other theatres offering musical attractions would feel a draught. It is not so. *Miss Hook of Holland* at the Prince of Wales's need fear no competitors, and the same may be said with but little less confidence of *Tom Jones* at the Apollo. So, my dear country cousin, if you have a week's theatre-going before you, and wish to include two musical plays in your programme, I can only advise you to decide by that time-honoured method of spinning a coin in the air. As for the rest, the Savoy is always the Savoy, and *Lady Tatters* at the Shaftesbury has, since the first night, undergone that drastic and so often successful process known as "being pulled together." So much for plays with music, for musical plays, and for romantic light operas—three varieties of entertainment which differ a little, but not very much more than Tweedledum differed from Tweedledee.

—And Next the Comedies

Comedies come next on the roster. Two very pretty comedies spring to the mind: *The Truth*, appropriately enough, at the Comedy, and *My Wife* at the Haymarket. If, my country cousin, these fail to tickle your sense of humour, then I have doubts of you possessing a sense of humour to be tickled. It is commonly supposed that no actress can carry a play on her own shoulders. But, then, Miss Marie Tempest is an exception to most of the aphorisms which can be made upon plays at the expense of the players. Moreover, *The Truth* would be a very passable entertainment even in the melancholy event of Miss Tempest not being at hand to tell lies in it. *My Wife*, too, owes much of its success to the charm of a little comedienne. Miss Marie Löhr came and saw and conquered all within a very brief period. Occasionally, I am invited to the play by others

than the management. If the choice of a theatre be mine, it shall certainly be the Haymarket.

Plays for the Country Cousin

For plays without any qualifying adjective—just plays—I must refer you, my country cousin, to the revival of *The Walls of Jericho* at the Garrick and *John Glayde's Honour* at the St. James's Theatre, both the work of the dramatist who, in a memorable speech, thrilled his hearers with the plaintive statement, "For eleven years I knocked at managerial doors, and knocked in vain." If you are unable to see that Mr. Sutro's later play is immeasurably superior in technique to the play which first gained him fame (and shall we say fortune?), no matter.

The announcement, "Last Nights," casts its shadow over His Majesty's, the Lyric, and "The Follies" at the Royalty Theatre. Mr. Waller winds up his season with twelve evenings of the ever-popular *Monsieur Beaucaire*, the hero who, single-handed, routs a good half-dozen of his adversaries who are so foolish as to waylay him in a wood. Next season Mr. Waller will produce, under a new title, the thumping American success, *The Squaw Man*. I am told that the happy author of this money-maker is a gentleman in the prime of life—fifty years of age, or thereabouts. It is his first success. There is a chance for us all.

—And Those of a Melodramatic Tendency

To continue with the list of attractions. Plays with a strong, and not unwelcome, element of melodrama are now to be seen at the Waldorf (*In the Bishop's Carriage*) and the New Theatre (*The Scarlet Pimpernel*). In the former, Miss Fannie Ward has opened the eyes of the public to the fact that she can act. The latter play has celebrated its birthday. It also provides Mr. Fred Terry with one of the most effective parts he has ever played. If you wish to see real polish, elegance, and courtliness, combined with a soul-weariness so profound as to be almost pathetic, you will find them the distinguishing characteristics of Sir Percy Blakeney. Melodrama, pure but not at all simple, is *The Midnight Wedding* at the Lyceum. It is well written, well played, and the "comic relief" is comic. *Brewster's Millions*, with Mr. Gerald du Maurier as the resourceful young gentleman who makes light of the task of spending £250,000 in one year in order to gain two millions, is an amusing farce-comedy, played, as all farce-comedies should be played, in the brisk, rattling manner cultivated by our American cousins. Last, not in merit, but because it is so difficult to classify, comes *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* at Terry's Theatre.

Many who have made a study of theatrical matters on both sides of the Atlantic have not yet recovered

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

The Revival of "Iolanthe" at the Savoy

Mr. C. H. Workman as Lord Chancellor, Mr. H. Lytton as Strephon, and Miss Jessie Rose as Iolanthe

from the shock of seeing *Mrs. Wiggs* a success. They will tell you that no one dreamed of taking the play to England, and that the gentleman who conceived this stroke of genius was one who had but little knowledge of the theatre. He saw the play in New York, laughed at it, at once opened up negotiations, and brought the company over the water. Very simple, isn't it?

Miss May de Sousa

As she is now playing in *The Girls of Gottenberg*

The American Invasion

Much nonsense is talked and written of the American theatrical invasion. Some scribes seem to take it ill that, owing to shortage in the native supply of dramatists, distracted managers should be compelled to import plays from America. If these disgruntled writers would only devote a few minutes to hard thinking, they would arrive at the knowledge that English managers and theatre proprietors deal in American produce, not because they are traitors to their own country, but because, for the moment, their own country is unable to supply the demand. Plays and players can be judged quite irrespective of the country from which they come. Personally, I should be delighted to read in the *Referee* one Sunday morning that Mr. George Alexander had acquired the English rights of a play by a well-known native of Timbuctoo, and that his leading lady would be the celebrated Timbuctian actress who had created the title-rôle in her own country. Moreover, there are two sides to the medal. For years English actors have walked "The Rialto," and it is quite in the nature of things that American actors should return the compliment by patrolling the Strand. Whatever be one's opinion on the Fiscal Policy, let us rally to the slogan, "Free Trade in Art."

Photos *Bassano*

Miss Bertha Trench

Who has just returned to London, after touring with *The Country Girl* in South America and India. She is shortly to appear at the Comedy Theatre

Miss Lena Ashwell

Playgoers will be delighted to learn that Miss Lena Ashwell has quite recovered from the illness which overtook her soon after her appearance in *The Shulamite* at the Savoy, and in all probability will shortly be seen again in the rôle of actress-manageress. Miss Ashwell is in negotiation for a lease of the Great Queen Street Theatre. In these days, when so many are in quest of little theatres, Miss Ashwell is to be congratulated upon finding one so suitable in every way for a special "season." E. C. S.

LONDON PAVILION

In spite of rumours to the contrary, the Seldoms were still continuing their exhibition of living statuary at this theatre when I visited it last week, there being two extremely clever new poses, "At the Dagger's Point" and "Sympathy." An amusing little sketch, entitled "The Peacemaker," has evidently come from America; and Miss Lulu Russell, a comedienne from California, sings with much charm. Mr. Albert Le Fre combines in his turn all those accomplishments that usually go to make a complete entertainment. In quick succession he plays the parts of juggler, conjurer, comedian, illusionist, acrobat, and musician. "The Harmony Four" are in the bill. This turn comes on much too late, and the management would do well to remedy this. It is quite one of the best things in the programme, and the other night many people were compelled to miss it owing to the lateness of the hour — nearly 11.15. Miss Kitty Gordon has a new song, and Mr. T. E. Dunville has returned. Other good turns are Miss Harriet Alexander, a young lady of pronounced talent; Mr. Gilbert Gerard, a clever imitator of animals; Brull and Hemsley, Edwin Boyde, and Stylo (who also might appear earlier with advantage).

THE SUBURBS

The outlying theatres, with one exception, have nothing of great interest on just now. At those which remain open, melodrama is all the vogue, and no plays of any consequence are likely to be seen until the latter part of August. The one exception I speak of is the Coronet Theatre, where Mr. Robert Arthur has arranged for a series of comic opera revivals. The first of these, *La Mascotte*, was revived on Monday evening, when it was preceded by *Faithful James* and *The King's Hat*. Mr. Arthur has engaged an exceptionally strong company, which includes Messrs. Rutland Barrington, Richard Green, and Whitworth Mitton; and the Misses Blanche Fenton and Madge Temple. The season will extend over four weeks. R. M.

A Stately Resting-Place for Royalty

CARDIFF CASTLE, WHERE THE KING AND QUEEN WILL STAY THIS WEEK

Cardiff Castle: The Roof-Garden

Roof-gardens, none too numerous in this country, are certainly not to be expected in castles where there is everywhere room and to spare, and probably the one here represented is unique. Its decorations are of a Biblical character, all the animals, birds, and scenes on the walls being taken from the Old and New Testaments, while the inscriptions are in Hebrew. The fine bronze statue of the Virgin and Child should also be noticed. From the little windows at the sides magnificent views of the surrounding country may be obtained

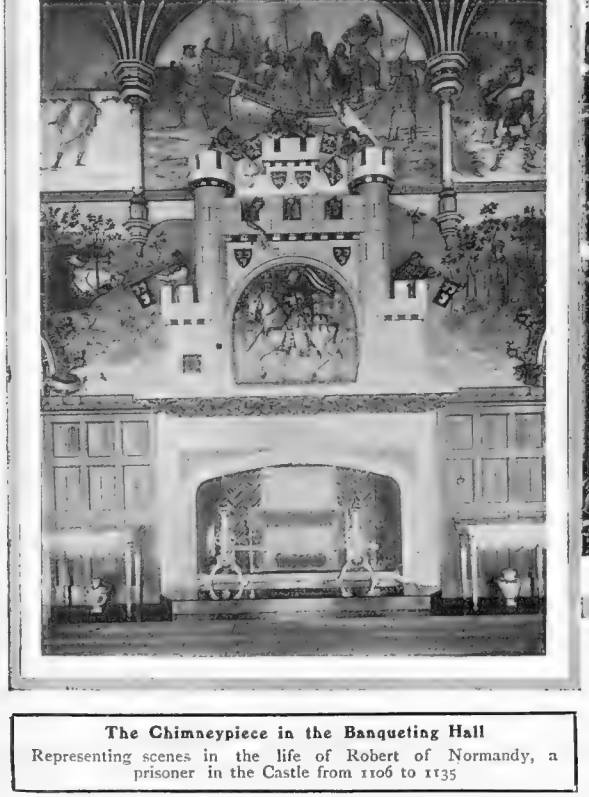
Photos] **A Corner of the Smoking-Room** *[H. N. King*

The smoking-room is fitted up in Eastern style, and the walls are covered with legendary pictures, beautifully executed. The dome, only the base of which can be seen, represents the four elements and the heavenly constellations

A Princely Stronghold: Cardiff Castle, the Seat

Photos

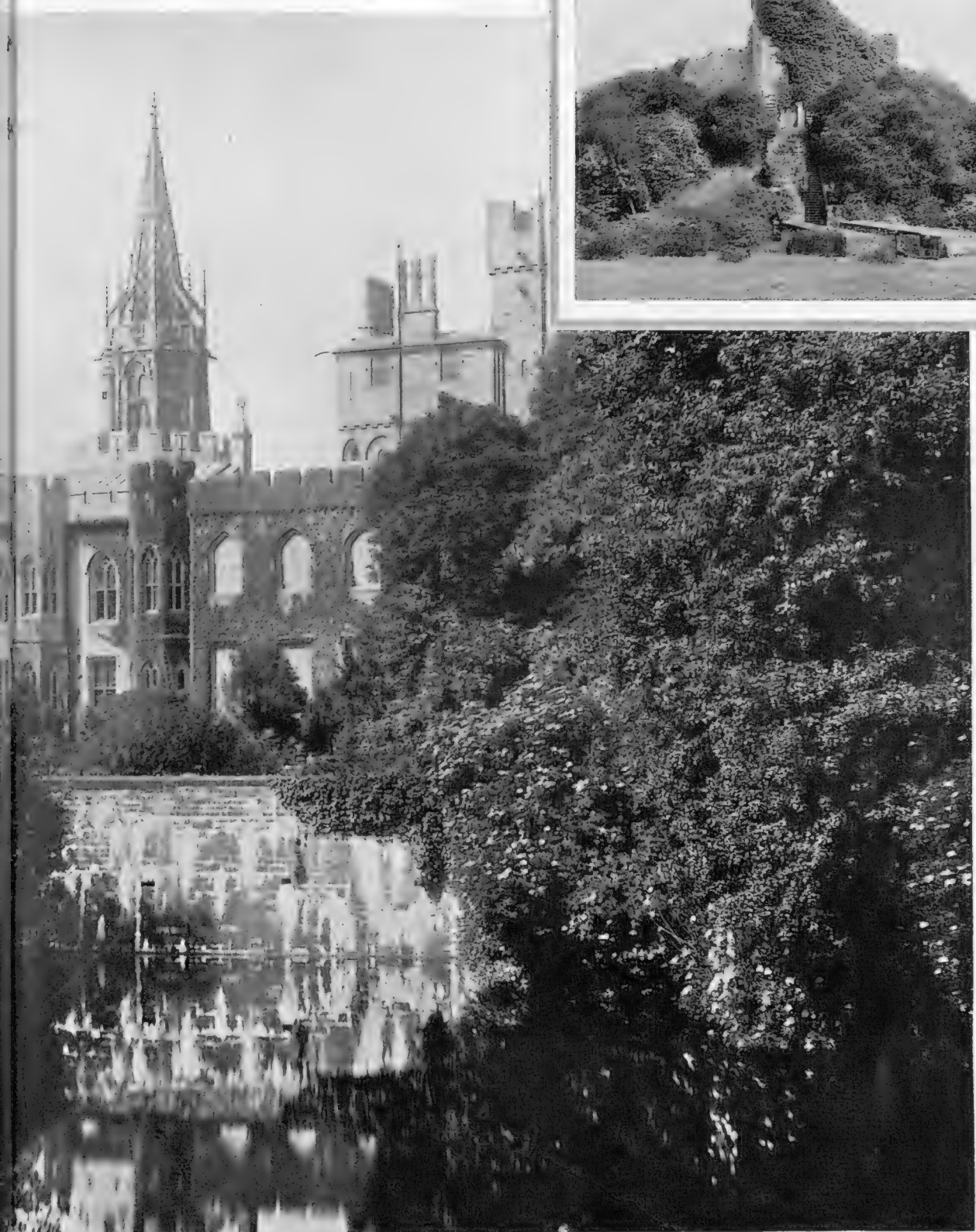
The East Front of Cardiff Castle, where the King and



The Chimneypiece in the Banqueting Hall
Representing scenes in the life of Robert of Normandy, a prisoner in the Castle from 1106 to 1135

On their way home from Ireland, their Majesties are visiting Cardiff, where they are, on Friday, opening the new deep-water dock. This is the first visit which the Royal Family has paid to Cardiff since Queen Victoria went there with the Prince Consort. On that occasion, o
treatmen
Victoria, C
of bunting

of the Marquis of Bute



H. N. King

The Ancient Keep
The only part of the Castle which has not been restored

Queen are this week the Guests of the Marquis of Bute

owing to the resentment felt by the Bute family at the Lady Flora Hastings had received at the hands of Queen Cardiff assumed a mournful aspect, there being no sign or decoration, while every blind in the Castle was drawn.

Lord Bute is the owner of the docks, and, in fact, is one of the wealthiest peers in the kingdom. The restoration of the Castle was carried out during the lifetime of the late Marquis under the direction of William Burges, A.R.A., the well-known architect

OUR SERIES OF WORLDLY SHORT STORIES.—No. 84

LAW AND CUSTOM

By R. RAMSAY

"A PITTANCE; simply a pittance," said Mrs. Brady.

She flung out her little white hands, almost bare of rings, and then clasped them under her chin and gazed at the others with the wistful blue eyes that were still so childish.

"My dear, I couldn't have come here to stay with you if some good girl had not lent me the clothes!"

"Listen to her!" said her hostess, throwing a rose into her lap. "She's a widow, an artful widow—and Edom is her wash-pot. And still she calls herself poor. Why don't you marry, Sophie?"

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Brady, "it's because I am a coward."

"—And besides," she said, in a kind of afterthought, while the other three were remembering what had been the matter with Mr. Brady, "an extravagant poor person shouldn't marry every nice boy who asks her."

"Sophie is frightfully sensible. I told you so," said Lady Susan, rising out of the hammock that was creaking under her. They had been gossiping in the garden, waiting for the signal to troop into the hot house to dinner. "Is anybody coming? Quick! Do you know, Sophie, you dear, imprudent pauper, we're all in a plot. We have got a perfectly magnificent person to introduce to you—*wallowing* in riches, and with no common relations in evidence to confound him. He collected his millions in some nice, clean, unostentatious way in a mine. And he's heard of you, too; he wants to meet you."

"Oh, how ridiculous!" said Mrs. Brady. "You advertise me to all the impossible millionaires."

She smiled, springing up also, and shook out her rose-painted chiffon train. Beside the three big women who were plotting in her favour, she seemed very young, very careless; and her eyes were bluer than the ribbon tied picturesquely in her hair. The men who were coming across the garden looked at her only.

Lady Susan moved forward to greet the stranger.

"Oh, how do you do, Mr. Orchardson?" she said warmly. "So glad you have come. Do you know my sisters?"

The man she had singled out bowed to one and the other, and looked with unconscious directness at Mrs. Brady. Lady Susan saw that and smiled.

"I suppose," she said, "we are condemned to walk in to dinner. It's a pity I hadn't thought of letting you dine out here with the moths. Mr. Orchardson, will you take Mrs. Brady?"

They moved slowly over the turf, making their way to the lighted house. In the green shimmer of twilight the flowers took on fantastic colours, and the atmosphere seemed unreal. Mr. Orchardson laughed oddly, looking down at the little figure in trailing chiffon, that had laid a hand like a white rose-leaf upon his sleeve.

"What is the joke?" she said, smiling up at him.

"I don't know if you'd call it a joke," he said, darkly, "but I'm contented. You see, I'd come here on purpose to make your acquaintance."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Brady.

"You're not offended?" he said. "Why should you be offended? Put it that I'd seen you somewhere, and wanted to be in a position to say 'How do you do?' to you."

She glanced up at him, liking him. He was so big, and strong, and cool, with his clean-cut chin and his short-cropped hair; the kind of man, she thought, who could shut his mouth and fight on, whatever the odds, until he had got all he considered worth fighting for; the kind of man with whom a woman could feel safe.

"You make me vain," she said.

His silence was more flattering than the quick assurance that would have followed from any nice boy she knew. Mrs. Brady recognised, with a funny fluttering of her pulses, that this was quite a different kind of person. And yet it struck her that his steady countenance held more adventurous possibilities, more recklessness, than one could ever guess.

The others had drifted on, and he stopped to rescue her floating glories from the wild branches of one of Lady Susan's beloved, untrimmed rose-trees. She watched him working with careful fingers at the precious tangle; his bent head looked very earnest, but she was puzzled at that little odd smile he wore.

"Don't bother," she cried. "Let's tear it."

"And ruin the cobweb?" he said, gravely. "No!"

He got through the feat successfully, but kept his hold on the fragile stuff.

"You'd better let me carry your train," he said. "It's my particular duty, you know, to take care of you."

"Where do you come from?" she asked, amused, as they walked in laughing, the man with clouds of chiffon thrown over his arm.

"Out of the wilderness," said Mr. Orchardson.

. . . . .

He had been six days in the house when Lady Susan and her sisters met secretly to discuss what was a most promising situation.

"Poor dear Sophie," said Lady Susan sentimentally, after the manner of the pleasantly stout. "I should like to see her comfortable at last."

"How he devotes himself to her," said another. "Six days and the man is her shadow!"

"And so rich——!"—the third sister spread out her hands.

"She'll have no possible excuse," said Lady Susan firmly. "The worst is, her first marriage was so horribly unsuccessful. I suppose it has made her nervous."

(*Continued on page 82*)

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Next Week's Worldly Short Story will be "Little-Flower-of-the-Wood," by Leonard Merrick

"The Bystander" in the Colonies

(10s. 6d. *is paid for every photograph of readers in distant parts published on this page*)

"The Bystander" in British Columbia

A little Scotch lassie at the door of her father's log-cabin in far-off British Columbia. Sent by Mr. R. LECKIE-EWING, Ewing's Landing, Okanagan Lake, British Columbia

"The Bystander" in South Australia

The reader of the paper is a very young South Australian. The little lad is a grandson of Sir Langdon Bonython, and also of the late Sir John Cox Bray, Premier, and afterwards Agent-General, of South Australia

"The Bystander" in Rhodesia

The sender, Mr. L. M. ROBBIE, c/o Northern Copper Company, Sable Antelope Mine, North-Western Rhodesia, writes: "I took this photograph of Mr. Rippington just after he had shot an eland bull. We found him reading THE BYSTANDER until the natives arrived to carry the carcase into camp." At the sender's request, we are sending him THE BYSTANDER for sixteen weeks, instead of a cheque for 10s. 6d., an alternative which any competitor, who prefers it, may choose

(Continued from page 80)

"Shut the door, Peg!" said one of them sharply. They had been sitting panting in a draught. "Now, Susan, what was the tragedy? Did he beat her?"

"I don't know," said Lady Susan, sighing in the unrestricted ease of her dressing-gown, and fanning hard. "Her stepmother married her to him, mercenary wretch, the moment she came out; but I only saw him twice—he was an unawakened sort of person with a beard, and he called her Baby. When the crash came and he disappeared I didn't ask many questions. I was too awfully sorry for her; but I was profoundly thankful when she appeared at last in a quaint little widow's bonnet, and told me that he was dead."

"He swindled the public, didn't he?" said one of the others, solemnly. She was the wife of a public man.

"Oh, my dear, I daresay. I know he had to vanish or they would have put him in prison, but they do that to most respectable people who meddle with stocks and shares. It was hushed up afterwards, and the police didn't seem to want to catch him. But we heard such stories! Oh, I am certain he was a scamp and a monster."

She picked up the tail of her dressing-gown and, brandishing her fan, moved to the door.

"The whole house is snoring," she said. "Get away to bed, do. I'm going to look in on Sophie and talk sense to her; it's too hot for *me* to sleep."

Mrs. Brady sat in her thin muslin night-dress, unromantically stitching at a silk petticoat by the light of the moon—and a candle. She smiled without surprise as her hostess put in her head.

"You imp," said Lady Susan, shocked. "Can't you let Simpson do that for you?"

Mrs. Brady laughed, making room for her midnight visitor on the wide cushioned window-seat.

"Don't be so angry, Susan," she said, making a face. "Other people's maids are eager enough to pry into the secrets of a beggar's wardrobe. I couldn't allow your woman to see the nakedness of the land."

"And so you sit up half the night. Preposterous!" said Lady Susan reproachfully. "It only shows——"

Mrs. Brady let the pale satin flounces slip shimmering to the floor, and clasped her hands round her knees; with her hair in its long pig-tail she looked more than ever childish.

"Yes, Susan?" she said. "It shows——?"

"My dear, my dear, don't be silly. You must marry this Orchardson."

Mrs. Brady leaned over suddenly and put out the candle.

"Consider," said Lady Susan, patting her on the arm, "how thoroughly nice he is—so few of them are, you know—and all the other women want him. Louisa Price is pursuing him frantically; she has sworn all her friends in to help her."

Mrs. Brady started.

"Oh—Louisa!" she said. "She's not half good enough for him."

"Well," said Lady Susan, "don't let him fall a victim."

"He is rather a dear," she said. "Just the sort of man I would have liked to marry. Funny, isn't it, Susan, that he should turn up so late?"

"Don't be a fool," said Lady Susan, sleepy, but determined to thresh it out. "Late! When the man has fallen in love with you, and it is all plain sailing."

Mrs. Brady shivered.

"Susan," she said, "if I were so mad and bad and reckless as to commit myself—twice—would you stick to me? I've shut my lips hard, and kept my head above water all these years—but to-night I'm nervous. I'm seeing ghosts"

"Stick to you? Yes, and dance at your wedding," said Lady Susan.

Mrs. Brady slid on to the carpet and flung her arm suddenly round the other's substantial waist, whirling her up and down in a fantastic polka.

"On your head be it, Susan," she said. "Good night!"

. . . . . .

"My notion is," said Apthorp, chucking down the last edition of a London evening paper, "that, if women had a share in this heart-breaking business of making laws, they would become less naturally lawless."

"Perhaps," said Orchardson. "But law to a woman is a frivolous objection to what she wants."

Lady Susan's husband was a quiet man, pinned to his career, but possessing a store of dry humour to console him. He looked at the other man thoughtfully.

"Rather a bitter speech," he said. "For a bridegroom."

They had seen a lot of Orchardson since the world had ticketed him "Sold" and openly called him "Mrs. Brady's millionaire." To-morrow these two were to be married quietly, with Lady Susan's blessing; and Orchardson had been dining there to-night. His motor was to come round in half an hour to carry him back to London.

The bridegroom laughed shortly, resting his elbow on the chimney-piece and looking down upon his host.

"Bitter?" he said. "Well—I could tell you an odd story to justify what I say."

"Go on," said Apthorp, mixing another drink. It struck him that the other was looking somehow unlike the gay, good chap he had shown himself; but he put it down charitably to disappointment. Mrs. Brady had had a headache; she had been too ill to come down to dinner, although she had promised to make an effort to say good-night.

"I knew a man once," said Orchardson, in a cool, drawling voice, "who went under. He had done nothing shameful, but his firm had juggled, and he was obliged to bolt. He hadn't been long married; his wife was unsophisticated and sweet and shy, just the kind of girl you would expect to be loyal. He had to clear out in a hurry, but as soon as it was safe he wrote sending her every farthing he could scrape together—not much, but enough—and asking her to come out to him."

"And she?" said Apthorp.

"She?" repeated Orchardson, "took no notice. The poor fool set to work imagining all the extraordinary accidents that could have stopped his letter from reaching her—and scraped up some more money—the Lord knows how hard it was, too—and wrote again. He did that three times before he got desperate, and was only saved from the mad trick of tearing across the ocean to find out what was wrong by getting a sight of an old Society paper sent out to another exile, which contained her picture at a Society show, and described her clothes."

"Hard luck," said Apthorp, considering; "but I've no doubt there was some excuse for the woman."

"That is not the worst of the story," said Orchardson. He had dropped his drawl, but still spoke with a deadly coolness. "Lord, no! The poor devil pulled himself together, cut off all communication with his past, and tried to get back what he had lost on the other side; but money is a poor

(Continued on page 84)

Robbery Under Charms

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

Miss Fannie Ward, now playing Nance, the charming girl-thief, in "In the Bishop's Carriage" at the Waldorf

The public has too seldom a chance of witnessing Miss Ward's undoubted talents, and her impersonation of Nance is a very clever and charming performance. A few years ago she married the African millionaire, Mr. Joe Lewis

(*Continued from page 82*)

sort of poppy seed; and when, a good many years later, a man who—who knew all the circumstances was coming over here, he asked him to have a look at her. This man hunted her up, and found her posing as a widow."

"What?" said Lady Susan's husband, starting.

"Don't get excited," said Orchardson, smiling. His tone was indescribably sarcastic. "You don't know the parties. How should you? Well, out of curiosity—pure curiosity, you know—he paid court to her; and he found she would stick at nothing. When he proposed to her she took him without a qualm."

"And what was the upshot?" asked Apthorp, as the other stopped.

Orchardson looked at him quizzically, and lit another cigarette. "What do you suppose?" he said. "You're omniscient, aren't you? You're in the House of Commons. What would you have done yourself? Played it out doggedly till you had got it in black and white, and could show her up in her true colours to—the husband? Or got out without a word?"

"I should have dropped it," said the legislator, slowly.

"Ah, you would?" said Orchardson. "See, though, she was a dangerous little cat. So beguiling, it thrilled a man just to touch her. He would swear to himself it was a mistake; she couldn't be so treacherous—he would have gone down on his knees to find her the saint she looked; and then when he kissed her, the thought of it choked him. He walked in a land of enchantment that kept turning into a nightmare. It gripped him—he couldn't drop it."

They heard the humming of a motor running up to the house. Orchardson broke off abruptly; it was his.

"Well," he said, "which of them are you sorry for? What, the woman? You are a good chap, Apthorp, but I can't have told the tale properly—I must have omitted something. If we run across each other again, I'll let you know how it ended."

"*If?*" said Apthorp.

"Oh, of course, I forgot," said Orchardson. "But you'll excuse a man being a little off his head the night before his wedding. We're not like the women; it's a serious step to us."

He moved on with a laugh; he was going to say good-night to the ladies.

"Look here——" said Apthorp curiously, but he was too late. Already voices were floating down the stairs, and Lady Susan came in with Mrs. Brady and a mixed scent of eau-de-cologne, lavender water, and smelling salts.

Mrs. Brady, very pretty, very fragile, with her hair glistening on her damp forehead, caught like a child at Orchardson's sleeve and looked at the other two.

"I want a solemn, particular conversation with him," she said, "before I let him go."

"Leave them to quarrel," said Lady Susan, and carried off her husband.

Mrs. Brady ran after them and shut the door, and then stood gazing at Orchardson, breathing fast. If he could have imagined it possible in one so light-hearted and irresponsible, he would have thought that she had been crying. He took an involuntary step towards her.

"No," she said, "don't touch me—wait!"

"Do you know, Sophie," he said, rather unsteadily, "that this is our last good night?"

"Yes," she said, but her tone was tragic. "It is our last good night."

The motor was still humming in the warm darkness; it was time for him to start; but they had both forgotten it.

"I want you to do one thing for me," said Mrs. Brady. "I want you to promise you won't come back."

"Why?" said Orchardson, incredulous, astonished.

"I am going to tell you," said Mrs. Brady, in a low, panting voice. "You never asked me—I've never spoken of my first marriage."

"No," said the man with sudden bitterness. The magic she had for him was broken at that word; the arms he had stretched out unconsciously dropped; he let her hurry on uncomforted.

"I was too young," she said. "My people married me to him and washed their hands of me, and were satisfied. And I didn't see much of him——. He had a beard—there's something so unapproachable in a beard——." She made a pathetic attempt at laughter, but Orchardson's mouth was hard. "And then the sky fell and there was a crash. He disappeared like a ghost."

"Did he not communicate with you?" said Orchardson quietly.

"He wrote," she said, "three letters. But I was terrified; they told me he was a scoundrel. They said, 'He has disgraced you enough, burn them unopened,' and so I burnt them, shaking."

"It never struck you," said Orchardson—he had turned white—"that these letters might contain a remittance?"

"Oh!" she said. "No, I never thought of that."

"Go on," he interrupted. His tone was still sarcastic, but not so bitter.

"Then," she said, "I heard that he was still rich—and *I* was selling my rings to live; and I heard that he had really gone away with another woman—everybody said so. I thought, 'I will be brave and shut him out.' And so I went into mourning."

"I see," said Orchardson. "And you were going to marry me to-morrow?"

Her eyes dropped before his.

"Yes," she said; "but I—I couldn't."

"Why not?" said Orchardson. "Were you afraid of that poor—scoundrel blackmailing you? Or was it the terror of the law you considered—the risk of discovery and of prison?"

"Don't look at me like that," she said. "It's not that I am afraid; it's not that I am ashamed; I'm not. I love you too much to care. But I had a queer thought last night. I thought, if he should be poor and tired; working—working desperately all these years; and if he should come to look for me, and *I* had done this to him, it would be rather low."

It was very still in the room. Orchardson was breathing hard, but he stood in his old position with his back to the chimney-piece, stiff and straight. Mrs. Brady did not lift her eyes to his any more; she wanted air, and she was making her way to the long glass door that would let her out into the darkness of the garden. Any man, however bitter, might pity her, looking so slight, so childish, turning to leave him with that little sob. With her hand on the latch, she paused.

"I am sorry," she said. "I wish I could have been wicked and happy. But I could not hurt him so. He would look at me as you are looking now. And I love you so much—too much! But, after all, if he's not dead, he is my husband."

Orchardson was still white, but his eyes blazed, passionate and eager. He took two strides to her and caught her close.

"Yes," he said, brokenly. "Yes, Baby, he is your husband."

R. Ramsay.

A Floral "Swan-Song"

Photo *Bastin*

A fine Yucca Gloriosa in Cornwall, showing the beautiful blooms which, however, only herald its death

The Yucca, a native of Virginia, is fairly common in this country, though the above is an unusually fine specimen. The species does not begin to produce its enormous head of bloom until it is twenty years old. The plant's glory is, however, but short-lived; the effort of flowering seems to exhaust it utterly, and it soon decays and dies

Rock Gardening

"Rock and Alpine Gardening" (price 3*s.* 6*d.*), by Mr. H. Helmsley, a well-known expert, is an excellent little book on a subject which is now so popular that it is sure of a large public. It is full of useful hints on the making of rockeries, contains a number of photographs which are really illustrative, and concludes with some valuable lists of the best plants for various purposes. The author makes a capital suggestion in connection with tennis and croquet lawns. In order to shelter them from north and north-east winds, he proposes to build "a wall of sandstone or limestone, in place of the formal-looking brick walls and screens which are so often seen, and to have this planted with suitable rock and alpine plants. This would be in perfect harmony and keeping with its immediate surroundings, and at the same time would give added pleasure to the owner and his visitors alike." Though the rockwork shown in the illustration had only been made a year when the photograph was taken, the effect is altogether charming. Tennis players might object that the balls would get lost among the plants, but netting might easily be erected without being unpleasant to the eye.

The Making of a Rock-Garden

It will be seen from the photograph that the blocks should not be thrown down hap-hazard. That is not nature's method. They should be arranged as if they were the outcrop of strata exposed by water, or else as if they had been washed into their present positions by flood. They must, therefore, follow a definite line, yet the arrangement must not be too regular. And through it all, the plants must be thought of. There must be suitable positions for all the different species that are to be brought together. For most of them, shallow pockets are fatal to success. "The roots," says Mr. Helmsley, "require to come into contact during their growth with the rocks and small stones, so as to induce them to strike down into the cool and moist grit and soil in the same way as they do in their native habitats. It will be seen, therefore, how important and essential it is to build the rockwork in such a manner as to prevent shallow rooting. We ought to encourage two or three long sorts with plenty of fibrous roots, which would not be affected by the scorching sun, cutting winds, or dry weather, all of which are detrimental to plant life." I am perpetually insisting that gardeners should make themselves acquainted with the peculiarities of plant structure and the reasons for their peculiarities, because there is no surer guide to proper cultivation. Mr. Helmsley, also, brings out this point. "A very good way of determining whether a plant requires shade or not," he says, "is by noticing the colour of its foliage; thus, for instance, if it be of a lively dark green colour, it would require a shady position." Again, plants with downy leaves should be grown in the full light, for the object of the down is to screen the hot rays of the sun, while plants with thick, succulent leaves, which serve as reservoirs for water, can exist with very little moisture. The study of such peculiarities as these is very helpful in making the rock-garden a success.

H. C. Davidson.

An Ideal Rock-Garden

(Reproduced by kind permission from H. Helmsley's book, "Rock and Alpine Gardening")

Summer Train Service

The Great Northern Railway Company's time-tables for July indicate a number of new and fast trains particularly to the Holiday resorts served by the Railway.

The East Coast expresses between London and Scotland will be considerably augmented, the principal additions being restaurant-car trains leaving King's Cross at 9.55 a.m. and 11.25 a.m. for Edinburgh, and sleeping-car expresses at 7.55 p.m. for Perth, Inverness, and the West Highland Line, and at 11.45 p.m. for Edinburgh and Glasgow. Correspondingly additional trains will run from Scotland to King's Cross.

A through restaurant-car express now leaves King's Cross each week-day at 1.10 p.m. reaching Sheringham at 4.44 and Cromer (Beach Station) at 4.50 p.m.

LAWN TENNIS

Advance Australia

The expected has happened: Norman Brookes has won the Championship, and that, too, without having had to do, or doing, anything phenomenal. The only two opponents who extended him at all were Wilding, the New Zealander, and Karl Behr, the American. With these two he had five-set matches; all his English opponents he beat in three straight sets, and the hope that our best man, Gore, might, at least, make him go all the way, if he did not actually beat him, was not realised. For my own part, as soon as I saw what sort of day it was on Thursday, I thought that Gore's last chance had gone, for a high, blustering wind is very ill-suited to his hard-driving base-line game, while it adds to the terrors of Brookes's zig-zag services. And so it proved. Gore started pretty well, but as the game proceeded he seemed to find increased difficulty in aiming the ball. Every shot to beat Brookes at the net has to be a winner, or next door to it, and although Gore made a few beauties he frequently found the net in his endeavours to keep the ball low, while directly he tried to aim a bit higher it seemed fated to go out at the back. In fact, it appeared nearly as difficult for him to play with the wind as against it, and the change from "with" to "against" and back again every two games was obviously disconcerting. Brookes's ground game was by no means strong either, but this did not matter to him so much, for he had no man at the net to beat, and was able to go up there himself almost whenever he pleased and make the best use of his fine volleying. The one-sided nature of the match accounts for the fact that there was not much enthusiasm at its close. If Brookes had won, as he did in this same final in 1905 against Smith after being led at 4—2 in the fifth set, the spectators would have cheered him even more lustily than they did then.

Photo *Topical Agency*

Capt. Darell, winner of the Diamond Sculls at Henley last week

Henley Regatta, Third Day: The Belgians (on the right) beat Leander by a third of a length

In their heat for the Grand Challenge Cup, the Leander Eight were beaten by the Belgian crew, after an exciting struggle, by a third of a length

Brookes's One Regret

Brookes is naturally very delighted over his win, but there is one thing that he regrets, and that is that he wins the Challenge round by a default—to use the American term—on the part of H. L. Doherty, the holder. He is Champion of the World, and yet—as he himself puts it—there is still a doubt whether he is the best player in the world. In fact, so anxious was he to meet "H. L.," that when he heard that he was not going to play either in the Championship or the Davis Cup he very nearly decided not to come over at all. However, he came (Wilding, I may mention, did a good deal towards finally persuading him), and we have all been glad to welcome him. We may feel a tinge of regret at the fact that, for the first time in its history, the Championship goes to someone other than a Briton, but since it must be, we are glad that it goes to such a fine player, and such a good fellow, as Norman Brookes.

HENLEY REGATTA

A Plea for Sportsmanship

I am glad to see that the Belgians' success has been so well received by the sporting press. This is, perhaps, a reflection upon the sportsmanship of the British public—or, at any rate, of those writers who are supposed to express their sentiments—but I desire to protest against the idea that it is necessary for the national well-being that we should be successful in every International athletic contest, no matter by what means, and that a foreign victory is a sign of English decadency. It should rather be regarded as a token that at last we have foemen worthy of our steel, and I am old-fashioned enough to think that a game in which I was always successful would be a poor sort of amusement. So let us hear no more suggestions as to making the winning 'Varsity eight miss the Summer Races and keep in practice till Henley for the sole purpose of defeating a crew drawn from a single Continental town.

The Lady Lawn Tennis Champion

Miss May Sutton, who defeated Mrs. Lambert Chambers (Miss D. K. Douglass), last year's champion, in the final round at Wimbledon last week

How Good Were the Belgians?

It is a great pity that the utter vileness of the weather prevented us from finding out how good the Belgians really were, since fast times were an impossibility. But I think that they had not very much to beat. Christ Church were not more than an average head of the river boat, and Leander, as I pointed out last week, were only a scratch crew, who never got together until the last day before the Regatta. Apparently, even Muttlebury requires time to make a crew out of eight good men, some of whom are fat and others stale. And the vexed question of style is no nearer a solution. The much-abused modern Cambridge style differs widely from that of Christ Church, and both from the Belgian variety; while none of them have much resemblance to that of the Pitman and Pilkington Oxford crews of the 'nineties, which so many people regard as the ideal.

The Question of Style

If the proposed International Regatta comes off next year, it will afford a splendid opportunity for settling this question once and for all. On such an occasion every effort ought to be made to bring out some really representative English crews, properly trained and practised, and it should be possible to get together a crew of old Cambridge men, and another of Old Etonians or Oxford men, and so try the two styles against each other. It is often said that the Henley course is too short to afford a fair test of endurance, but I think that is a mistake. It bears the same relation to the Putney course that the mile foot-race does to the three miles, and a non-stayer cannot win over either in decent company. The real objection to it is that in certain winds one station is very much better than the other, but that is probably the case with every other course in the world.

Lost Arts in Rowing

On the whole, I think the rowing all round was very fair, nothing very wonderful, and very little really bad, but the Regatta of 1907 will have done a great deal of good to English rowing in general. Perhaps the most interesting feature of the Regatta was Magdalen's success in winning all three of the four-oared competitions. All honour to them, and especially to Guy Nickalls; but they owed a great deal to the deficiencies of their opponents. For the moment, the real art of four-oared rowing appears to be forgotten, and there has been a reappearance of the old heresy that it is possible to make a good four by taking the four best men out of an eight and giving them a few days' practice in the smaller boat. As a matter of fact, the two styles are, or ought to be, essentially different, and it is only a really first-class man who can row in an eight and a four on the same day and perform decently in both. As for pair-oared rowing, the highest test of watermanship, it seems to be almost extinct nowadays. While congratulating Captain Darell on the victory he deserved so well, I doubt whether he will be able to repeat it, for I consider McCullough to be the most promising young sculler that has been seen for a good many years.

RACING NOTIONS

CURRENT EVENTS. By "CARBINE"

Saturday's Sport at "A.P."

Alexandra Park is a strange little meeting, with its weird frying-pan course and its lack of facilities for seeing the racing, but the Cockney racegoer has a certain fondness for it, and he rolled up in big numbers on Saturday. Let Go the Painter, at 10 to 1, did something to justify our expression of opinion last week that he would win the London Cup, but he was second instead of first, which makes all the difference. The winner turned up in Rifleite, and the racing partners, Lord Westbury and Mr. Farquharson, who recently bought him, no doubt had a very good race, for the colt was freely backed. Mr. Farquharson has not been long back from the East, and already has shown that he has little to learn as a trainer. Anything that you find is really "fancied" from his stable must not be disregarded.

The Romance of Polymelus

Even when half-trained and running rather beyond his best distance, Polymelus was quite good enough to dispose of the amazingly common opposition which came against him in the rich Princess of Wales's Stakes last week. Some of the runners would not be capable of winning a decent selling race with 8 st. in the saddle, and it was ludicrous to see them tackling a horse like Polymelus. Of course, the hope was that Mr. S. B. Joel's champion might crack up in consequence of lack of condition, but that did not come about, and he won readily enough from that ungenerous brute Nulli Secundus. How Mr. Joel bought Polymelus at auction for 4,200 guineas, afterwards winning several little fortunes with him, stands as one of the romances of the Turf. To Mr. Faber, his former owner, it was more of a tragedy than a romance. He never really intended to let him go at that price, and even now it must be dreadfully galling to him to see the horse winning race after race in the colours of another owner. For years Mr. Faber has been trying to get hold of a tip-top horse. When at last he did get one, he was allowed to slip from him through a grievous misunderstanding. Surely, enough to make a man turn up racing in disgust.

Racing at Newmarket

Although the weather was unseasonable and quite unlike that to which we are accustomed at the first July Meeting, the meeting behind the Ditch was associated with better racing last week than is often seen there. It is to be hoped that BYSTANDER readers benefited by the success of Malua in the Duke of Cambridge's Handicap. I honestly think he was a bit lucky to win, for Johnny Reiff rode rather too confidently on Camisard, and might have scored but for yielding to the fatal temptation of looking round. There were some big surprises at the meeting. The downfall of Indian Runner was one of them; and who expected Dinneford to beat Rocketter?

Mr. "Bob" Sievier

Whose warning-off notice has been withdrawn by the Jockey Club, and was again at Newmarket last week

Mr. Sievier's Rehabilitation

Prominent at Newmarket was Mr. "Bob" Sievier, looking jubilant and happy in consequence of the withdrawal of the Jockey Club's warning-off notice. This was the first time since May 19, 1904, that the "Chief" of the *Winning Post* had been in a position to race on the classic Heath, and who can wonder at his radiant attitude? There are many who think that he has been very harshly dealt with by the Jockey Club. That there was nothing really dreadful to his detriment is shown by his early rehabilitation. And now Mr. Sievier is on the look-out for another Sceptre. He will be phenomenally lucky if he finds one.

Selections for the Week

The racing of the present week is not of great importance, but the Bibury Club Meetings at Salisbury always have a charm. I think the Bibury Cup on Wednesday will be won by the Manton stable, and it may pay to follow Taylor in this instance. The Lingfield Park Plate on Friday promises to prove a very interesting affair. Troutbeck, Beppo, Black Arrow, can be pitted against the three-year-olds, Wool Winder, All Black, and Prince of Orange. In spite of the fact that our three-year-olds are reckoned to be a bad lot, I fancy Wool Winder for this race. Little Flutter may win the Great Foal Plate on Saturday.

THE PARIS SEASON: IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE

Illustrated by SIMON

SEE THIS WEEK'S "GRAPHIC"

Automobile Topics.

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

Car-icature—No. XXXIV.: Mr. Harry J. Swindley

It is difficult for even the oldest inhabitant of motordom to recall the time when Mr. Harry Swindley, the subject of this week's Car-icature, was not a prominent figure among automobile pioneers. When cycling, as an attractive sport, was at its zenith, Mr. Swindley "held the watch" at some of the most famous races ever recorded, and more recently he was for some years chief official timekeeper to the Royal A.C. As a journalist of note, Mr. Swindley has made his mark in the pages of motor history in connection with *The Autocar*, and his comments and criticisms on passing topics of interest are invariably read with appreciative attention. He is a keen all-round sportsman, and has driven many thousands of miles in this country and abroad. D. M.

* * *

High Speeds and Paralysis

The medical alarmist is continually rampant in our midst; but, owing to the difficulty of his theories being disproved by practical experience—for he is generally careful to theorise in a general, if highly imaginative, manner—it is not often that he can be pilloried by the mere layman. Motorists have very frequently been the butt of the attacks of the medical alarmist; and, not so long ago, as time moves nowadays, a great specialist—no other, indeed, than Dr. Forbes Winslow—predicted that the human brain was quite unequal to the task of driving a motor-car at sixty miles an hour for more than a few minutes at a time. Total paralysis, the *Car* reminds me, would be the result. Mr. S. F. Edge, whose achievement of driving 1,581 miles 1,310 yards, at an average of 65⅞ miles per hour for twenty-four hours, proves, at all events, that in this regard the medical theory was all at sea. So far from being the mental and physical wreck that many of us expected he would be, Mr. Edge drove away on a touring car directly after finishing his strenuous performance (after sending a few telegrams to various interested persons!), and the very next day was again practising at Brooklands.

Photo Graphic Photo Agency
"The Bystander" Banner
This beautiful piece of embroidered work, on a yellow silk ground, was won at the Hastings Gymkhana by Mr. Walter Dewis

* * *

The Track at Brooklands

Writing last week, immediately after Mr. Edge's performance, I stated, in common with many other persons, that the track had been badly cut up. Mr. Edge tells me that some exaggeration has crept into such reports; a few holes, though not large ones, appeared in the cement, but he considers, remembering the severe strain that the track was put to — three cars travelling nearly always at about seventy miles per hour, almost on the same spot, and for twenty-four consecutive hours — it wore wonderfully well. The holes are all mended now, and the track looked excellent on Saturday for the opening meet at the Club. My impression is that the sand which provides the foundation of the track had shifted slightly in places, and the cement, not getting sufficient support, gave in

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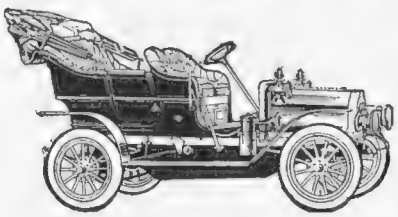

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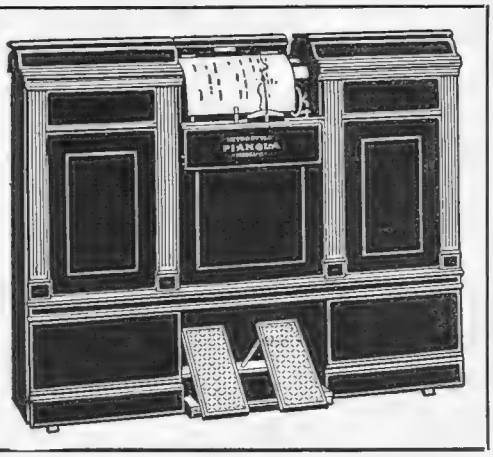

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a few places to the weight imposed on it. One of the most interesting events in this twenty-four hours' run was the rapidity with which wheels were changed when necessary. Mr. Edge's Napier was fitted with the Rudge-Whitworth detachable wire wheel, and the time occupied for changing a wheel was only 31 sec., including jacking up and everything else.

* * *

Brooklands Races

The question that arose on everyone's lips at Brooklands last Saturday was to ask: Will the enterprise prove a success? If the support accorded to the opening meeting gives any indication of the popularity of motor-track racing among the public, then the venture should prove an assured success. Over 5,000 persons were present, and certainly, as there was scarcely a dull moment, they will recommend their friends to patronise the next meet. The great race of the day, for the 2,000-guinea Montagu Cup, caused great excitement, every vantage post commanding a good view of the course being crowded with spectators. The racing, whenever the spectators could follow it, was very exciting, the most interesting occasion being during the finish of the Byfleet Plate of 550 sovs., when Messrs. Jarrott on his Lorraine-Dietrich and Newton on Mr. S. F. Edge's Napier came down the straight bonnet to bonnet, the result being declared a dead-heat, although, with due respect to the judge, the general impression of everybody else was that Jarrott had won by a wheel's length. Another exciting race was in the Montagu Cup, when Warwick Wright's Darracq led the way for six of the eleven laps, and then dropped out, being succeeded by a Mercédès driven by A. Resta, closely followed by J. E. Hutton on another Mercédès. Watching the race from the members' bridge, the way the big cars literally flew round the corners was a sight for the gods. Their speed was somewhere about 110 to 120 miles per hour, according to a bystander's stop-watch, and the way in which the racers bumped up and down on account of the tremendous speed they were going at was thrilling. Eventually Hutton pulled off the great event of the day, and while heartily congratulating him on his win, I must express my condolences to Mr. F. R. Fry, the owner of the Mercédès driven by Resta, who would have won easily but for the misfortune of the driver going round the course for a lap more than was necessary.

Car-icature—No. XXXIV.: Mr. Harry J. Swindley

When cycling as an attractive sport was at its zenith, he "held the watch" at some of the most famous races ever recorded, and more recently he has been chief official timekeeper to the R.A.C. As a journalist his work is well known to all readers of the *Autocar*

(By Alick P. F. Ritchie)

* * *

Improvements Needed

While everyone will wish the Brooklands executive all luck for their sporting enterprise, there are a few improvements needed. At one or two points a little more timber removing would be an advantage. The Press box gives a limited view of the racing, as one can see only a little more than half the course, and this ought to be improved. More races ought to come down the straight instead of going round the greater circle at the fork.—Comyns Beaumont.

* * *

Miscellanea

For some time past there has been much interest in the trade over a rumour to the effect that a car, to be known as the "Daimler-Mercédès," was to be built in this country. These reports have proved well founded, with the result that cars of this style, combining all the Mercédès features and characteristics, and constructed entirely under one roof at Sheffield by the Yorkshire Engine Company, Ltd., are now being made for the British and Colonial Daimler-Mercédès Syndicate, Ltd. The price is considerably less than that of the parent car, and the introduction of the vehicle should be marked by an immediate success.

The Rover car has recently attracted general attention in South Africa by the performance of Mr. R. L. Jefferson, F.R.G.S., who has completed a drive on an 8 h.-p. Rover from Durban to Johannesburg, *viâ* Ladysmith, and thence to Cape Town, *viâ* Kimberley—a round trip, one might say. Mr. Jefferson was warmly received

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Mr. Selwyn Humphery on a 30 h.-p. six-cylinder Brooke Car

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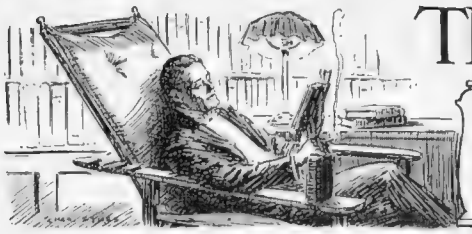

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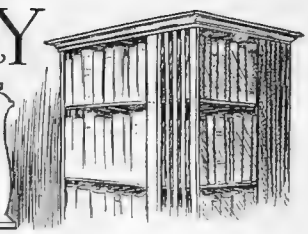


Books to Order This Week

"A Mirror of Folly." By Harold Wintle. (Brown and Langham: 6*s.*)
"My Lord of Essex." By Mrs. Charles Brookfield. (Sir Isaac Pitman: 6*s.*)
"Herridge of Reality Swamp" By William Hay. (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)

A Guild for the Idle Rich

In *A Mirror of Folly* (Brown and Langham: 6*s.*) Mr. Harold Wintle has written what may conveniently be called a "Smart-Set novel." This is now a well-recognised and separate sort of fiction. Smart-Set novels have become exceedingly popular since the sermons of Father Bernard Vaughan; but they existed, of course, long before he rediscovered the "set" in question, and were popular in the dim days of Ouida's "Moths," with its delightful and impossible descriptions of what sybaritic people did at Trouville and Monte Carlo. Mr. Wintle's is a fairly amusing specimen of the *genre*; but it can scarcely be said to be up to date, or to be a very faithful "mirror" of things as they are in Society at the present moment. In the very first chapter, for example, we are introduced to the Duchess of Cambray and the Marquis of Balham, and other people with more or less suburban titles, who are engaged in founding a Gilbertian Guild, with the object of providing Society with work, so that the reproach of the "idle rich" may be removed from them. Every member of this Guild, after paying a big entrance fee, has to undertake to go into business, and to earn his or her own living. Is not this an antiquated idea to be brought forward, at a moment when the amateur has almost entirely driven out the professional from every conceivable career; when half the peerage is engaged in acting, writing, preaching, or distributing tracts; and when the real difficulty is rather to get work for the poor than for the rich? Much better would it have been if Mr. Wintle had shown us the foundation of a Guild for the Suppression of Work among the Upper Classes, and for the cultivation of the art of doing nothing beautifully: an art almost entirely forgotten in these days when energy is an end in itself, and stupidity is pardoned so long as it bustles about. However, when you get over your objection to the purpose of Mr. Wintle's Guild, you enjoy the caustic manner he uses to describe its foundation.

The Tudor Novel Again

Mrs. Charles Brookfield has already made her name known as the author of semi-historical books; and it is, therefore, quite comprehensible that she should try her skill at the historical novel. In *My Lord of Essex* (Sir Isaac Pitman: 6*s.*) she attempts to illustrate a passage in the life of Elizabeth's brilliant favourite. The episode chosen is the expedition to Cadiz, but the interest of the book lies in the struggle between the younger Cecil, son of the great Lord Burghley, and the idealised Essex himself, for prosperity and the favour of Elizabeth. Essex, a vain, vapouring person, one is afraid, in history, appears here as a youthful and dashing gallant, crazy for war and adventure. He has a fascinating figure, and, as Mrs. Mountstuart Jenkinson put it, "a leg," and, of course, Elizabeth's weakness for him is brought well to the front. Historical novelists are unkind to Elizabeth. Her struggles, her personal courage, her cleverness in keeping out of Continental entanglements, are rarely shown us; but, instead, we have her with withered, rouged cheeks, and an ancient coquetry, pursuing Essex in the manner of a heroine of Bernard Shaw. Still, historical probabilities are not too much offended here, and the action is also cleverly and clearly managed. One can hardly think that the dialogue—a most difficult thing to do properly in an Elizabethan novel—is altogether pleasing. At that time, the language was in a rich confusion, and almost any kind of phrase can be justified by reference to Elizabethan literature. Still, it is not very tactful to use expressions like, "Does that matter these days, Essex?" which recall America—a world then, as Oscar Wilde would have said, only just "detected." After that, one might expect to hear Elizabeth telling Essex to come "right here." But, fortunately, this is spared us.

A Stimulating Story

Herridge of Reality Swamp, by William Hay (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*), belongs, by its plot and its setting, to what the French call *la littérature brutale*. A convict settlement, stranded in a desolate country; the desperate, half-savage lives lived there by men whom the world regards and treats as no better than brutes; suicides, murders, and an atmosphere filled with oaths and hatred—it is scarcely a soothing or tranquillising environment. Mr. Hay cleverly relieves you, however, and saves his book from falling altogether into the category of "brutal literature," by the beautiful figures of his hero and heroine—of Herridge, the genius of perseverance and invincible courage, who throws in his lot with the convicts; of Ellen Eardley, an "other-worldly" figure, whom he marries. Herridge is a person perpetually misunderstood. Accused falsely in England of things he has never done, he becomes a preacher among outcasts; and is not allowed even to be that, since he is supposed to be guilty of complicity in a plot, which the convicts plan, to get free and indulge in a sort of *battue* of the Governor and his associates—murdering being to them just such an ordinary occupation as sparrow-shooting may be to us. So Herridge, who went out to help the convicts, has to become a convict too, until his innocence is known. This fine character, with its blunt sincerity, is the balance to the fierce people who surround him. In spite of a certain abruptness in narration, and a rather hysterical or nervous style, Mr. Hay's book is original, powerful, and,

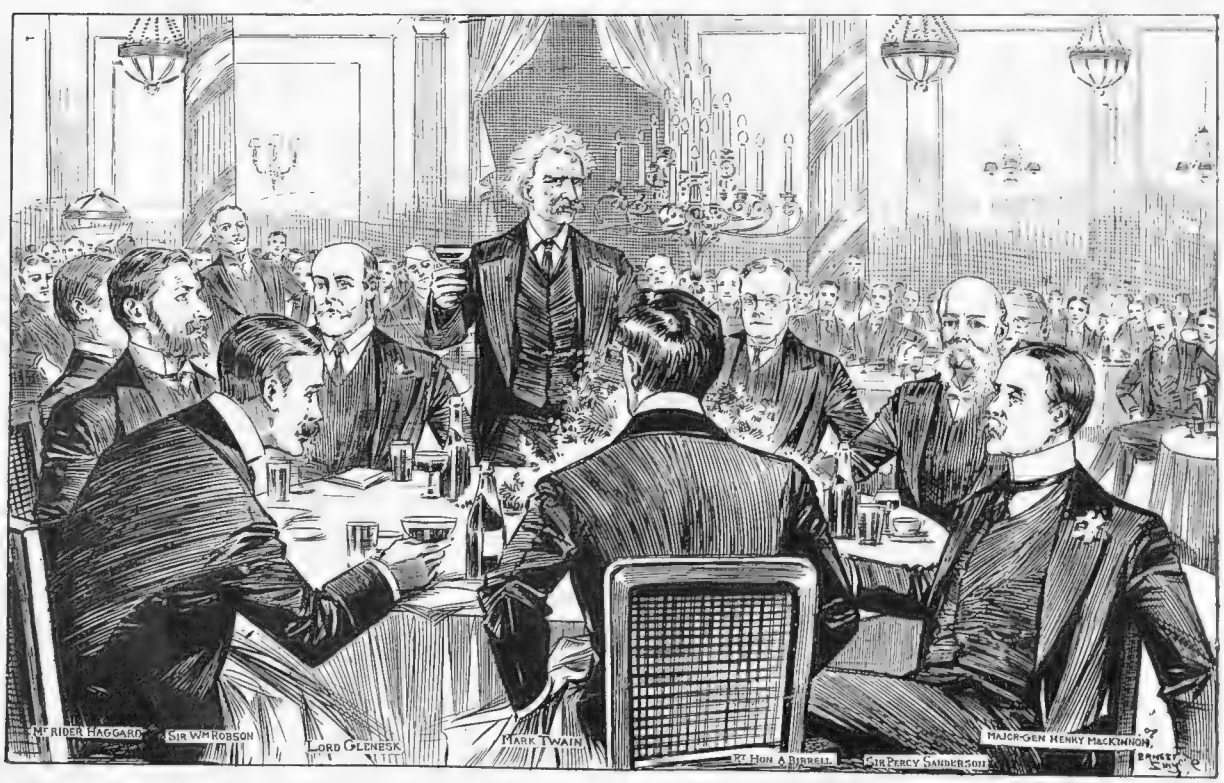
on the whole, one of the most stimulating novels that has appeared in recent weeks—for novels, coming out in their dozens every day, must not be numbered by periods so long as months or years.

The Twain Jokes

Connoisseurs are not quite satisfied with the new Mark Twain jokes which Mr. Clemens's visit has added to the British collection. They should have been better. This is no fault of Mark's—but entirely of those who have stage-managed his reception. Though his visit here was intended to be a serious one—chiefly to receive the D.C.L. at Oxford—the Press and others, who should have known better, conspired to treat it as a joking tour. Mark was, on his arrival, forced up against the rail of his ship, and practically bullied into being funny by a group of young halfpenny journalists. That he has been funny at all under the circumstances is an enormous proof of the real resourcefulness of this grand old man. But how infinitely funnier would he have been if the Press had treated his visit as Oxford intended it—as the serious academic pilgrimage of a distinguished American writer and philosopher. Had Mark been received seriously, and made to talk about serious things and go to serious places, he would have made us all rock with laughter. Everybody knows that, to get a humorist to be really funny, you must give him serious material. Look at Mr. Birrell and the Education Bill! He owed his success as a political comedian solely to the immense seriousness and terrible complexity of that measure. Had he been given instead a really funny Bill, he would probably have fizzled completely, and have had to sustain his reputation for wit by sitting on his hat or mixing his metaphors. Mark Twain could have been given serious things to do without the smallest effort. He could have been got up to Hoylake for, say, the Golf Championship; he could have been lured into Thurston's to see Reece make a 10,000 break; he could have been trundled down to the Crystal Palace for the day, to the Oval, or —happy thought!—to Bisley. His itinerary could have been kept so serious that he could have evolved Twain jokes of such overwhelming breadth and weight that we could have lived on them through the whole silly season—instead of which, alas! he has been merely comic.

Brightening Up Blue-Books

Adverting to humorists in the Government, I see that their ranks have been swelled by Mr. Sydney Buxton, the Postmaster-General. Mr. Buxton has made the most dangerous suggestion that Government publications should be "brightened up," that the *Board of Trade Journal* should have a bright cover, a prize competition, and a serial running through! Speaking in jest, Mr. Buxton conjures up awful fancies—for instance, "L. S. D., or Treasury Trifles," 1*d.* weekly, edited by Mr. H. H. Asquith. Special series of articles entitled "Pay Up or Pop Off"; "The Blue 'Un—a Chatty Digest of the Week's Blue-Books." But enough of this foolery! I hope, seriously, nothing will be done to endanger that dulness which is the supreme attraction and value of Government publications. Heaven forbid that there should be any attempt to brighten them up, and thus deprive journalists of the finest existing raw material for the exercise of imagination and ingenuity. For there is no search more fascinating, no chase more exhilarating, than the "rushing" of a Blue-book for those hidden gems of humour, paradox, and *naïveté*, with which every one of them abounds.



Mark Twain's Visit: The veteran humorist amuses the Pilgrims' Club with some new jokes at the Savoy luncheon held in his honour

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GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The Open Championship: Duncan's Play

There are still one or two players whose performance at Hoylake I must not overlook. Duncan, who has all the makings of a champion, sustained, if he did not increase, his reputation. He is still too much of the slap-dash order of player. This style of play is all very well for a single round, and the performer may thus make an exceptionally brilliant score. But it will not do for four rounds of scoring. Duncan is still in the first flush of his youth, and will, no doubt, achieve that steadiness and care, without detriment to his brilliance, which are absolutely indispensable to a winner of Championships. But he has undoubtedly got a great future before him, and will always be a thorn in the side of the leading men. Tom Ball is another of the young division who distinguished himself considerably in the recent tournament. At one time it looked as if he would take a very high place indeed, but he fell away in his last two rounds. He has a very taking style, drives a long ball, and plays all departments of the game confidently and well. P. J. Gaudin, the best player of a numerous family of that name, came out very strongly in his last round. He, his brothers, and Renouf form, with the Vardons and Ray, a team of players that would give the strongest team from any other country a lot of trouble. Such a team of eight players no area of country of the same size as Jersey could well bring forward.

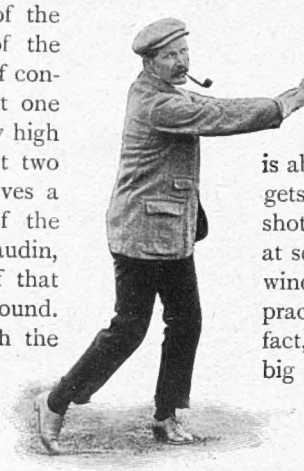


Photo *Dixon*

Mr. Bonar Law, M.P.

Winner of the Parliamentary Golf Handicap

"Sandy" Herd

"Sandy" Herd started brilliantly, as usual, but was unable to get anywhere near a repetition of his magnificent first qualifying round. He had the best of the weather on the Tuesday, as he started early, and the conditions then were perfect for scoring—little wind, a good grey light, and greens just sprinkled, but not sodden, with rain. I had the luck to see the whole of this round, when Herd tied the record of the green with seventy-one, very nearly getting a seventy, as his ball lipped the hole for a three at the home hole. During that round he only played two faulty shots—a shanked second at the second hole, and a bad second at the tenth. Apart from these shots, which he counteracted by brilliant recoveries, his golf was perfect, his putting being phenomenal. "Sandy" has never bowed the knee to any of the new-fangled grips, and holds his clubs just as he did twenty years ago. If he could only control his temperament a little better, he would be much nearer the first place than he is. But I can quite understand the annoyance to such a brilliant player to feel that he can play every shot perfectly, and to find his performance fall lamentably short of his powers.

Walter Toogood

Walter Toogood enormously enhanced his reputation, but, like Herd, after a brilliant start with seventy-six, he degenerated in the afternoon to eighty-six, and practically put himself out of the running. Like his brother, he is of light physique, and hardly calculated to stand the strain of such a prolonged competition. Champions must now be of stout build, for who can expect a light-weight to win through six rounds of a scoring competition? I was much disappointed with Rowland Jones, but it must in fairness be said that he was not in the most robust health. I have a great admiration for Jones's play; he is one of the few players who makes perfect use of his hips in his long shots. But, as he explained to me, playing always at Wimbledon Park, where the course is absolutely sheltered from wind, and where he gets very little practice with long wooden club shots through the green, Jones is more or less at sea on a big course like Hoylake, where the wind, generally in a very boisterous form, is a practically constant factor. As a matter of fact, those professionals who are attached to big testing courses have a tremendous pull over their rivals who have to play for the most time over small park courses.

Alexander Smith, White, and Sherlock

I had a good look at Alexander Smith, the American Champion, as I was anxious to see how he managed the much-advertised silk pneumatic ball. Smith is a fine, cheery player, hailing, as my readers doubtless know, from Carnoustie. Personally, I think he was considerably handicapped by the ball, which, however well it may suit the lighter atmosphere of America, is not adapted to ours. The ball, too, has, I imagine, considerably cramped his style, his finish being much lower than that of any other player. He does all his work with his right arm, his forearm being tremendously developed. He keeps all his irons uncleaned, believing that in this state they grip the volatile pneumatic ball better.

Jack White and Sherlock both failed to qualify. I have rarely seen a sadder sight than Jack White hovering on the outskirts of the crowd at the scoring-board at the end of the first qualifying day, anxiously waiting to see whether he had qualified. There is no doubt that the qualifying system has added a fresh terror for the player of established reputation. To fail to qualify is like missing a very short putt in the presence of a large gallery. In either case the great player feels himself to be an unqualified idiot.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

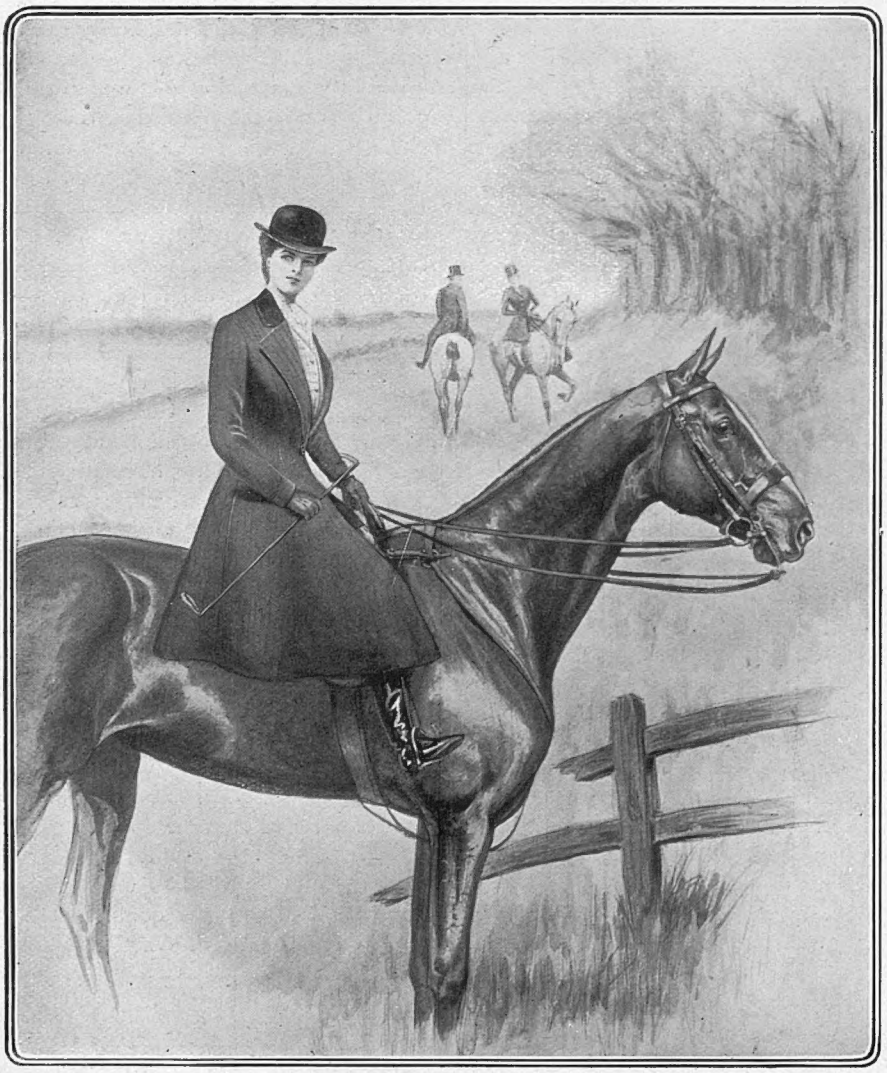
By Mrs. JACK MAY

Riding Habits

If anything could induce me to mount a horse at all, it would be the temptation of Mr. Thomas's "Ride-Astride" habit. I first made its acquaintance at the great Horse Show, where, practically worn and displayed on a real horse, it constituted one of the most attractive of the side-shows. Proof of its excellence is provided in the number of orders that followed Mr. Thomas to his ladies' tailoring establishment, 6, Brook Street, the keenly perceptive American readily perceiving the advantage of this fresh pose. From those who are already versed in the art of riding astride, praise is unanimous as to the comfort, the only difficulty to surmount being the acquiring of the knee-grip. Once that is attained, all is plain sailing. Meanwhile, the habit awaits explanation.

Practically, apart, of course, from the usual breeches, this consists of a long basqued coat, the tails whereof are caught round either leg, and securely held by a patent fastener. Furthermore, just below the bend of the knee a broad garter of elastic is adjusted, which provides for a maintained symmetry from the waist to that particular angle. The appearance of this habit on the horse is clearly indicated in the accompanying sketch, and I leave it to general decision to say whether the appearance is not admirable.

Off the horse the suggestion is that of a short circular skirt. Indeed, for Colonial customers, Mr. Thomas is building this skirt apart from the body, so that it may be worn with the cooler linen coat. The material most in request is a dark grey whipcord, that is at once smart and sensible, the fashioning above the waist imparting an elegant appearance, with the long lapels finishing on a fold of white cloth, the hiatus left at the throat being filled in by one of the Nimrod stocks exclusively built for Mr. Thomas, who possesses a riding-habit clientèle second to none in the land. The quality of a clientèle is so all-important that it always well repays one to inquire into its standing.



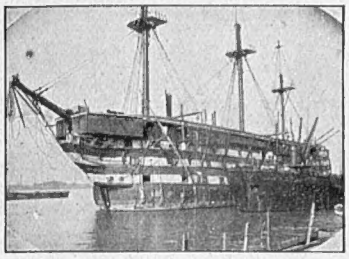
The "Ride-Astride" Habit

(Sketched at Messrs. Thomas and Son's, 6, Brook Street, W.)

The London Corset Co., 28, New Bond Street

A sale of always exceptional worth is the annual summer clearance at the above address—a genuine clearance, *bien entendu*, of the season's goods, with no hastily added lines. Big reductions have been made in a lot of hand-embroidered linen

CASTLES,



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CRÊME DE JAPON CIE,
13 & 14, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

gowns, inlet with lace, just a trifle dashed, that start at 30*s.* The temptation quickly to secure one of these seductions is enhanced by the fact that they are models, and, therefore, it is the exception to find two alike. The woman who secures a particular treasure at 38*s.* 6*d.*, with inset lines of embroidery and a novel and effective decoration of linen-covered buttons, obviously worth treble the sum, will have got the bargain of a lifetime. Well worth running after, too, are some sacque, half-length, linen coats, handsomely embroidered, distinctly French in feeling, that are being cleared at 12*s.* 6*d.* Worn with a navy-blue skirt and a *chic* lingerie shirt, there is at once completed a neat *plage* costume.

I also saw a great many hand-embroidered linen, and also lawn, blouses impartially priced at 8*s.* 6*d.*; while for one guinea the most fastidious demands are immediately satisfied, that sum providing both a French cut and good material. Alpaca dust-coats at 47*s.* 9*d.* represent further bargains. These are not at all the ordinary sacque affairs, but beautifully shaped models, fitted to the figure at the back, and supplied, moreover, with a belt, and the collar and cuffs are faced with velvet.

Still more remarkable, perhaps, are a few shop-soiled taffeta models that the Company are generously offering at three and a half guineas. In the case of a black taffeta, practically a tailor-made, the prettily designed coatee of which is lined with white satin, and trimmed with fine black silk braid, passed through gilt ring buckles at intervals, there is no apparent deterioration whatever beyond the lingerie fronts; another delicious little frock, simply absurd at the price, being a green-checked taffeta, the corsage positively ornamented with that costly reticule beading *galon*, in a delicate shade of mauve.

Reductions again, sufficiently appreciable, are made in all the leading lines of corsets. For 22*s.* 6*d.* there are two styles, the one for slight figures and the other arranged with the object of reducing the hips. It is important, at the same time, to remember that the latest corset here is designed to meet the once again advancing vogue of the Princesse, and is arranged with a clever belt attachment that makes an immediate appeal to those over-blessed with adipose deposit. Just precisely what marvels are performed with "The Tricot," a name derived from the woven fabric used, can only be gauged by a visit to the London Corset Company, 28, New Bond Street.

A Carpet and Linen Sale

There are just three days left of a remarkable sale which is being held at Hampton's, Pall Mall East, where lots of carpets are being disposed of at a third, and frequently less than that, of the original production price. The opportunity is extraordinary for securing the always-covetable Turkey carpets, the firm also strongly recommending their Indian carpets both for price and wear. Chintzes, of which an immense stock is held, have a starting-price of 8½*d.* the yard, the majority of them this year's designs, and including many in the now favourite mauve colouring. Then there is Hampton's famed Lisburn linen, woven in their own factories near Belfast, samples of which the "firm are pleased to submit to be put to any test," together with china and glass and alluring quantities of lace and Swiss embroidered curtains, that are going at ridiculous prices. No reasonable offer is ever refused the last few days of this sale.

Paquin, Dover Street

For so long as their surplus stock lasts, the house of Paquin will hold a sale. It is impossible to detail the bargains that will prevail here, but, briefly, the costumes and coats are reduced to far less than cost price; hats start at a guinea—imagine the joy of getting a piece of Paquin millinery at such a price—and blouses for really what they will fetch. Such a firm as this can naturally afford to be generous, the models now procurable at popular prices having successfully paid for themselves.

A Dainty Boudoir Cap and Matinée

(Sketched by Dorothy Millar)

A feature also is the ends of materials, marked extremely low, while, throughout July and August, Paquin proposes to make up gowns at appreciable reductions from material in stock.

A Boudoir Cap and Matinée

The first is the daintiest thing of embroidered lawn, fashioned into an Empire by a threading of pale mauve ribbon. The yoke is modelled entirely in one with the graceful handkerchief sleeve. For the Boudoir cap, spotted lawn is employed, relieved by the same delicate mauve ribbon.